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For All Girls—Published by the

JULY

1928



Jane Abbott—Ethel Cook Eliot—Louis Weslyn

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**T**HE Juliette Low Memorial Fund is growing. Almost half the amount desired has already been subscribed, and it is hoped that considerably more than half will have been raised by the time the Girl Scout Convention takes place in October.

The amount which has been subscribed to the Fund comes from friends of Mrs. Low both in and outside the movement, individual Girl Scouts and leaders, and Girl Scout troops from all parts of the country. Of the 7,332 troops registered at National Headquarters, 2,423 or about one third have sent contributions. Is yours one? If not, and if you wish to have a part in this memorial to Mrs. Low, won't you send in your contribution before September first? The names of all troops taking part in building the Fund, and the amount given by each will be printed in *The Girl Scout Leader* and a summary in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for October.

There are lots of ways to earn money for the Memorial Fund. Have a candy sale, for instance, or a play, or circus, or fair or put on a stunt some evening at camp and charge admission.

The Memorial Committee wants every Girl Scout, either through her troop or by individual subscription, to have an opportunity to take part in this memorial to our Founder. The interest on the Fund will be used for some concrete undertaking to further the work that Mrs. Low most cared about—the spread of Girl Scout ideals and friendship among girls of all nations.

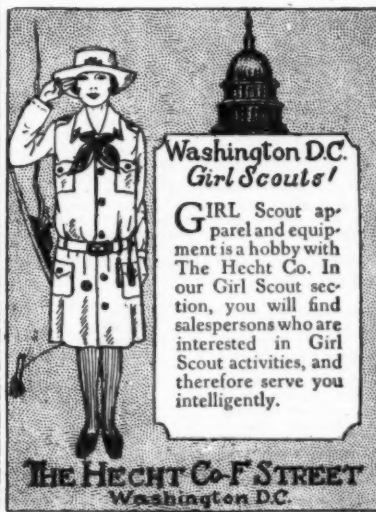
Contributions should be forwarded by check or money order, made payable to Girl Scouts, Incorporated, and marked "Memorial Fund," to 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

Won't you write for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* an account of how you raised *your* money for the Fund?

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## Every Girl Can Have Her Own Money!

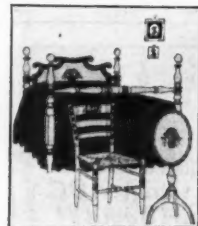
Dear Club Manager: Last summer when I was getting ready to go to camp, I needed money very badly, so I wrote to the Girls' Club for information. Before it was time to go to camp, I had earned \$18.00.

I bought a first-aid kit, kodak and films, flashlight, handkerchiefs, ties, pencils and books, and still had a tidy bit left in my pocketbook. When mother came to visit me at camp, she told me that I had received a two-dollar prize check in addition. This year I expect to pay my way to camp with my own money.



Club money helps Girl Scouts pass their tests and furnish their rooms attractively.

Dear Manager: In our Girl Scout organization, a part of our test was to earn the money for our equipment. So imagine my joy when I read about the Girls' Club! Now I have earned the Club have passed my money and thanks to the Club have passed my money and thanks to the Club have passed my money and thanks to the Club have passed my money.



money and thanks to the Club have passed my money and thanks to the Club have passed my money and thanks to the Club have passed my money.

And so many other girls are going to camp "on their own money."

Dear Club Manager: Oh, how I wanted to go to camp! My grandmother with whom I live said that if I could earn \$16.00, she would give me \$16.00 for four weeks in camp. I've already earned \$10.00 and am making plans now for a good time at camp.

Eleanor Herrick, Mass.

What girl doesn't crave pretty summer clothes and "soda money"?



Dear Manager: When I read in The American Girl about the money one could earn in the Girls' Club for hats, sodas and spending money, I wrote to you for particulars. You see the sodas took my eye, for they are my specialty. Within three months I had won a prize and found "earning" such fun. I've had many good times wearing the lovely sweater and skirt I paid for with my Club money.

Margaret Canning, N. Y.



### Come Join Us, Too

When camps are open . . . when shop windows are brimful of bright clothes, and cool refreshments are so inviting, you'll especially want spending money. And think of the kodaks, lilting banjo-ukes, tennis rackets and other lovely prizes that you may win, too!

Come join us! Simply write a note or a card saying "I'd like to know about the Girls' Club." Also—be sure to tell me your age. Then I'll send the details right out to you. There's no expense except a stamp, and no obligations, of course. Write to:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
1062 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

### Another Favorite Ghost Story

## The Specter of Ablown

By FRANCES ELIOT

Northampton, Massachusetts

THERE were once two friends, James and John, who lived in a little town named Ablown, in southern England. They usually saw each other at least once a day, so, one time, when John had not met James for more than a week, he hurried to James' house to see what was the matter. No one answered his knock, so he opened the door and went in.

The hall was still as death. The shutters were all drawn and ghostly shadows flitted across the wall. The stairs creaked horribly beneath his feet and, in spite of himself, he began to feel rather shaky. Upstairs was just as bad. No one answered when he called, and he was just about to rush out of the weirdly silent house to the light and noise of the street, when a low moan stopped him. Pushing open the door of the room from which the sound had come, he discovered his friend lying on a bed in the far corner, apparently very ill. Hastily going over to him, John asked what was the matter. James only groaned. But later he related this hair-raising story:

"My aunt was the kind of person who fell into stupors very often—and unluckily remained in them for a long time. A week ago she fell into one and was still for so long that we thought she was dead, and buried her alive." And then, noting John's incredulous stare, he went on vehemently, "and now every night at twelve o'clock she comes up the stairs and—oh, it's hideous!"

John's hair began to rise, but he said obstinately, "I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe in ghosts."

However, at James' invitation to stay and see the spectacle, he sat and waited, skeptically, for something to happen.

And something did. At twelve o'clock, he heard a dull clanking of chains in the cellar. Then came heavy steps on the stairs. James turned white, and the perspiration poured down his face. John sat rigid, his eyes on the door, which was slowly opening. And as he watched, there entered the most awful figure—a woman in a bloody gown that was torn to shreds, and with hair that was covered with blood. Pointing a terrible finger at James, she said in a deep, hollow voice:

"Why did you bury me alive, why did you bury me alive?" With a groan, James fainted away among the pillows, and John turned and flung himself out of the window.

Still do men turn and take another road when they see this house. If you dare to go and gaze upon the specter, my best wishes go with you, and may you sleep peacefully in your grave.

Send in your favorite ghost story. If it is printed, you will receive a book.



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# Along the Editor's Trail

**E**ACH summer sees a greater number of young girls traveling abroad. First class, second class, "student third," the big liners are carrying young Americans for the vacation months to old Europe.

And I can think of no time in our lives when the romance and beauty of the Old World thrill us so poignantly as when we are young. Our school histories are still with us, and the gallant knights and lovely ladies, the cruel and brave and gentle people of the past, still move in fresh colors across the tapestries of our minds. Radiant Mary Stuart walks for us again down the dim aisles of Notre Dame, Marie Antoinette plays at milkmaid in the gardens of the *Petit Trianon*, Anne Boleyn grieves in the Tower of London. The past becomes part of us that nothing can ever take away. The boundaries of the present world spread wider and we see ways of living different from our own.

But if you are to have the most fun out of going to Europe, take along an extra language—and use it. Most of us have had French or German or Spanish in school, but alas, our European friends speak English so much better than we speak their languages that we don't dare say anything at all. (And ask the girls who went to Geneva last year if this is not true.)

Of course, you can go through Europe speaking only English, and you will get along very well indeed. But you can't help feeling that you are missing half of everything that goes on.

My own first taste of Europe and a new language was on the *Rochambeau* on which I sailed, and on which stewards and officers were French. The first day out, I was confronted with a bath and no



soap. "Savon," I said timidly to the steward and waited to see what would happen. When he returned a moment later with a wafer of the pink soap that goes with salt water, it was as exciting as rubbing Aladdin's lamp.

And thereafter I practiced so conscientiously on all the stewards that by the time I landed I was equal to arguing with the railway clerks about timetables! And I discovered that it isn't words we lack abroad, but the courage to speak them!

Another thing I would have you take abroad with you is the thought that you are America's representative in Europe. We don't think much about being Americans at home. But from the moment we read on our passports the sentence where the Secretary of State asks the peoples of other lands to give aid and protection to us, we begin to think of ourselves rather definitely as Americans. We thrill with pride when we write "U. S. A." after our names on

hotel registers. And sometimes we blush for the actions of our countrymen abroad. But not always.

Last summer at the International Camp a Girl Scout from the United States was looking doubtfully at her stew. "Don't you have this sort at home?" the Hungarian girl who was cook that day asked anxiously. "No, we don't," the Girl Scout said, taking another mouthful, "but it wouldn't be so jolly if we had the same things we have at home."

That is only good manners, you will say. But it was only good manners and good humor and modesty that Lindbergh took across the ocean, and he brought back so much affection that we call him our ambassador of good will.

We, too, can be such ambassadors if we wish.

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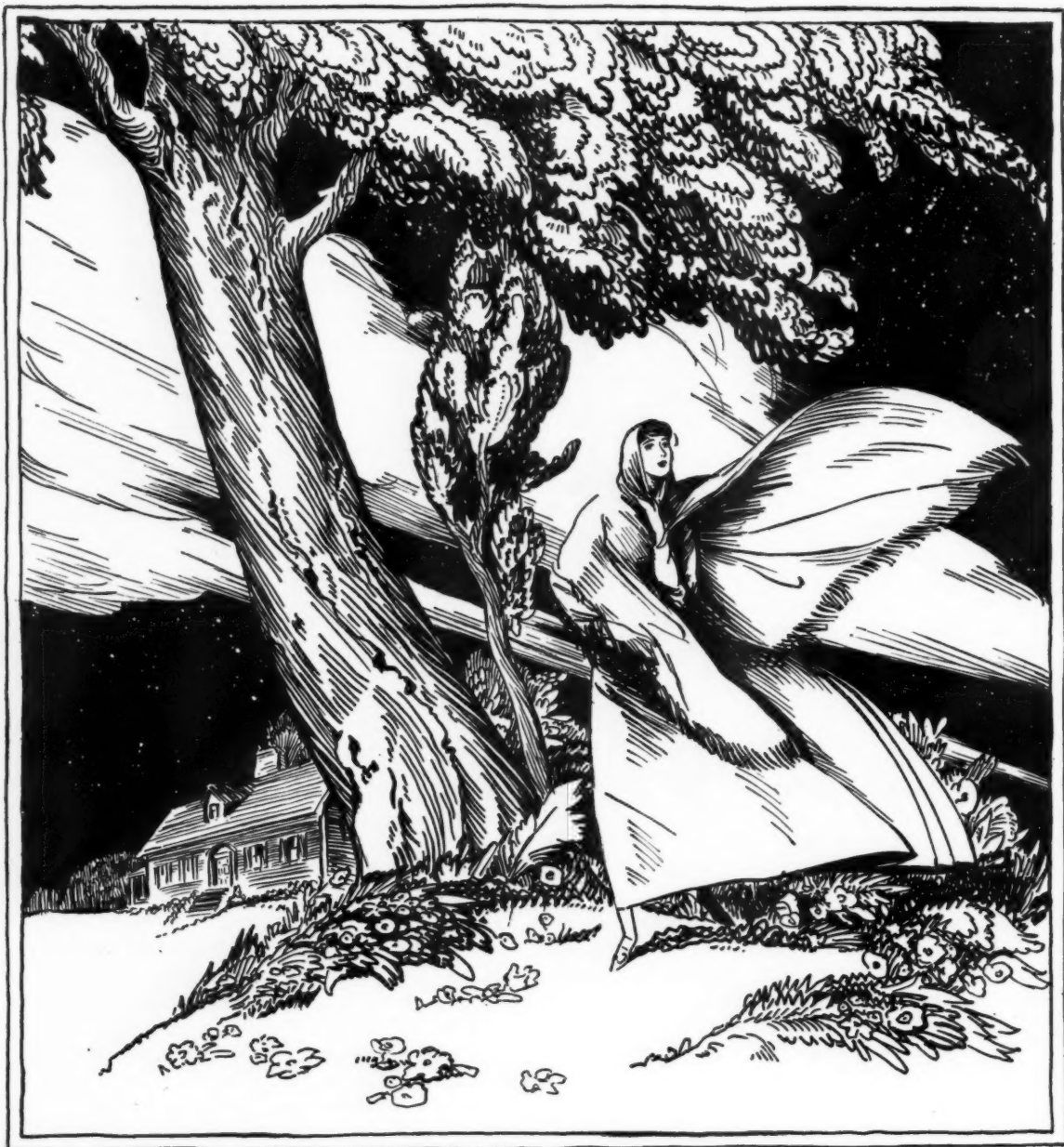
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## *The Night Will Never Stay*

By ELEANOR FARJEON

The night will never stay,  
The night will still go by,  
Though with a million stars  
You pin it to the sky.  
Though you bind it with the blowing wind  
And buckle it with the moon,  
The night will slip away  
Like a sorrow or a tune.

From "Gypsy and Ginger"  
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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Camille Davied, Editor

July, 1928

*Our newest Made-to-Order story by*

JANE ABBOTT

*and*

EVELYN PRESTON

*Illustrations by Edward Monks*



*Nancy tapped on the window, then threw it open. "Hullo Clare," she called, in a voice suddenly light and cheerful. "Oh—hullo." He paused uncertainly under the window*

## Miss Pendleton's Kindness

NANCY PAGE sat in the window seat that overlooked the garden, her straight eyebrows knotted together, her eyes leveled on the spring loveliness outside, but seeing not one bit of it. For Nancy was speculating on how she could make over her blue silk dress for the senior dance.

Could she turn it upside down or back side to? She might paint something on it—she'd painted her old silver slippers so cleverly that the girls were begging her to do theirs. Oh, to go straight downtown and buy the prettiest dress in

Hengerer's store. If a fairy godmother had appeared at that moment and asked Nancy to name the wish nearest her heart she would have answered with a blush: "Fifty dollars, if you don't mind." What couldn't she do with fifty dollars!

With it—with a new dress—she could look as nice as Dorie Watkins. She was almost as pretty as Dorie—her nose was prettier, anyway. It had character and Dorie's was just a snub. Miss Pendleton herself had said it had character. "You have the Page nose and they do not make them any finer." Up to that moment Nancy had considered her



nose as only something to smell with, but now she felt of it speculatively and a little sadly. For of what use was its beauty without a new dress? Clare Richards had admitted that he was susceptible to pretty dresses—he always danced with them, especially pink ones.

If she could buy one, she'd buy a pink one. So pink that Clare would come straight to her and demand *all* of her dances!

A shadow moving across the path caught and held her attention. A tall lad appeared around the corner of the house. Like Nancy's, his brows were drawn in a scowl and his shoulders sagged sullenly.

Nancy tapped on the window, then threw it open. "Hullo, Clare," she called in a voice suddenly light.

"Oh—hullo." He paused uncertainly under the window. "Alone?" he asked, still scowling. When she nodded he lifted himself over the sill and sat down beside her.

She was startled by the dreariness of the boy's tone. "What's the matter, Clare?"

At once she regretted her audacity. Of course he would not tell her! In the two years she and Clare Richards had lived under Miss Pendleton's roof she had grown accustomed to his indifference to her—when he was nice he was so very polite and nice that it made up for the little smart of hurt. But now he'd probably resent her question—think it was prying into his affairs.

But Clare evidently wanted to unburden his woe. "I'm to stop my violin lessons with Lito," he answered in a thick voice. He dropped his face in his hands but not until Nancy had seen it.

"Oh, Clare!" she cried, aghast. She knew what those lessons meant to the boy. She had seen him come from them radiant, inspired, a little swaggering, full of plans. Why, he couldn't stop—

"I'm to go to college. Miss Pendleton's written to mother and mother wrote back that she was sure that was best if Miss Pendleton thought so—"

A sneer edged the boy's voice. And then he looked away.

Nancy had no answer. "If Miss Pendleton thinks it best." Both she and Clare were helpless before that. She had never thought before how helpless they were. Anyway, before it had been always, with her at least, about such little things—the dress she wore, how she combed her hair, the chums she played about with, the books she read, even what she ate, when it was only polite to yield to Miss Pendleton's wisdom.

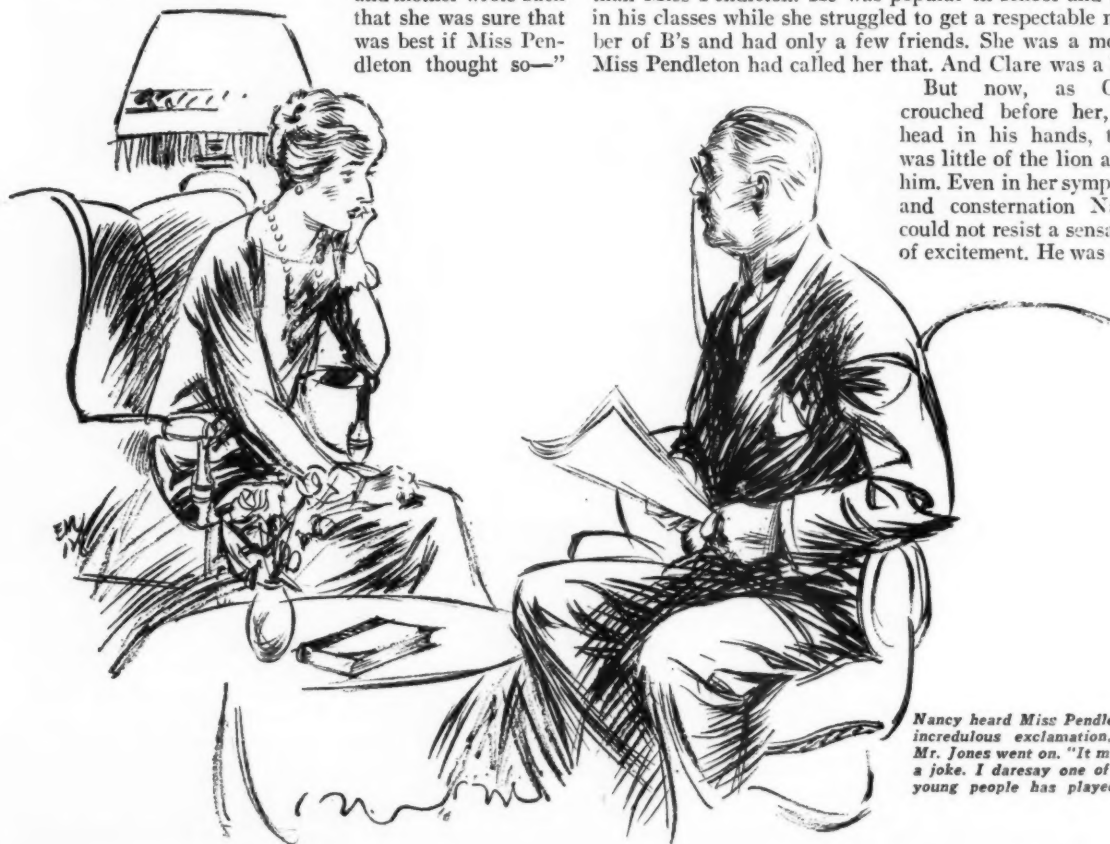
Two years before this June day both she and Clare had come to live with Miss Pendleton until their education was finished. Miss Pendleton had explained to her friends that she was lonely in her big house, wanted young people around her. Her invitation had come at a most opportune time for Nancy's parents—her father had been sent to Sumatra where the rubber company for which he worked was having trouble with the management of the plantations and her mother could not let him go alone, nor could she consider leaving Nancy with strangers or in some boarding-school.

She had known Agatha Pendleton well in her girlhood days, and she felt that her proposal to take Nancy was a wonderful opportunity for Nancy besides meeting her own dilemma. As for Clare, his father was dead and his mother accepted gratefully her old school friend's offer to give the boy what she could not on her slender means.

Nancy, like her mother, thought it was wonderful to live for awhile with anyone like Agatha Pendleton. She was famous. She wrote books for young people—there was a whole long shelf of them in the library. Nancy had read each one.

Clare was not outwardly impressed by the shelf of books or apparently awed by Miss Pendleton. Nancy explained this to herself by the fact that he was a boy and older—almost nineteen and she was only going on seventeen. And Clare was talented. Some day he might be even more famous than Miss Pendleton. He was popular in school and high in his classes while she struggled to get a respectable number of B's and had only a few friends. She was a mouse. Miss Pendleton had called her that. And Clare was a lion.

But now, as Clare crouched before her, his head in his hands, there was little of the lion about him. Even in her sympathy and consternation Nancy could not resist a sensation of excitement. He was con-



Nancy heard Miss Pendleton's incredulous exclamation, but Mr. Jones went on. "It may be a joke. I daresay one of your young people has played it"



iding in her! She might sit like a dolt with nothing to say, but that would not alter the great fact that he was confiding in her.

"Clare, couldn't you make her—" she began timidly, but at that Clare jerked his head savagely upward.

"Make her—she thinks she knows everything! I told her I never wanted to do anything else but work with my violin and she didn't even hear me! She just smiled and told me I'd like Harvard very much. I'll hate it. I know I shall detest it."

Nancy nodded. Of course he would. And she could see Miss Pendleton smiling kindly. It was dreadful to think of it in the same breath but that would be just what Miss Pendleton would say if she tried to explain how tired she was of the blue dress. "You look lovely in it, my dear. You'll have a wonderful time in it, I know."

"It's all very nice for her to have us here but I don't think she has any right to treat us as if we were so much putty. I'd rather dig ditches—and go on with my lessons."

"Clare, maybe we can think of some way, something—"

"What on earth can we do?" He went on soberly, "money doesn't grow on bushes, and she's paying the bills. No, I'm to go to Dusty Dunning's camp the week after commencement and tutor in trig. She's settled everything. She told me I mustn't try to thank her—as if I had anything to thank her for—" He stopped with an explosive sound in his throat.

Nancy sat still, shocked, not by his disloyalty, but by his helplessness against Miss Pendleton's kindness. She was turning this over in her mind when Clare sprang to his feet. "Forget that I've spilled all this, Nancy. It's my business—not yours." He dropped his long length out of the window and stalked across the garden, out of sight.

But Nancy didn't forget. From that day on it could be noticed—if anyone noticed a mouse—that she was quiet and lost in some inner speculation that was a little sad. And where hitherto she had felt real appreciation for Miss Pendleton's slightest kindness to her, now she rebelled.

"Nancy, dear, I wouldn't get all heated on the tennis court today, if I were you." She'd get as boiled-hot as a lobster! "I think your hair looks much better straight, child—it's more unusual." If she wanted curls she'd have frizzes all over her head—it was her hair! "Nancy, why don't you see a little more of Jessamine Cox and less of that hoydenish Williams girl?" "Because it's my privilege to choose my friends," she thought, but didn't say it aloud. All of which rebellion she enjoyed because she felt it allied her more closely with Clare and Clare's cause.

The senior dance came and passed into a bitter-sweet memory for Nancy. She wore the despised blue dress. "You look very lovely in it, my dear," Miss Pendleton had told her. But Clare had danced with her only twice, and had danced with Dorie, in a lovely clinging rose chiffon, innumerable times. But Nancy did not think he confided his trouble to Dorie, even though she saw them slip out to the moonlit court outside the gymnasium. A week later Clare departed to the camp a few miles outside of the town where he was to tutor. Stealing into his room, after he had gone, Nancy found his beloved violin put on a shelf in the clothes closet. Already a little fine white dust had gathered on its case. With her handkerchief she wiped it carefully and wiped her eyes with the same sacramental cloth.



He had a big, booming voice—she could hear it quite distinctly

The summer days slipped by. Miss Pendleton was finishing a manuscript, closeting herself in her little study every morning. Nancy could hear her typewriter ticking away like a clock. Always before, Nancy had listened to that sound with only a little less of the awe and rapture with which she listened to Clare's music; now she heard it with scorn. Why didn't Miss Pendleton content herself with sending some boy in her story to college and let Clare do what he wanted most to do?

"I'll have my book off at the end of the month, Nancy, and then you and I will celebrate—we'll go down to the ocean for a fortnight. Will you like that?" Nancy's smile had been uncertain. She loved the ocean—but to go there now with Clare plugging drearily away at trigonometry did not seem fair.

She knew no way as yet to help Clare. She had not mustered the courage to speak of it to Miss Pendleton.

Despair was heavy upon her when one day she found a little slip of paper on the library floor. It was a newspaper clipping, dry

with age. She knew it must have dropped from the leather-bound book of clippings which Miss Pendleton kept on the library table and sometimes showed to her guests. Nancy glanced over it with the barest curiosity.

"The critic takes the liberty of saying that Miss Pendleton is growing away from the youth for which she writes. Why don't you gather in some up-to-date young nieces and nephews and get a close-up of them, Miss Pendleton?"

Nancy read it through again. And slowly she comprehended a motive behind Miss Pendleton's kindness. She had brought Clare and her here to study them, because she was growing so old that she'd forgotten what young people were like! They were "specimens", like the stiff rats in the biology laboratory.

Probably she was putting them in this book she was finishing—taking their two lives and moulding them to the characters she wanted, as if they were just so much putty. She had told Nancy a little of the new story, with a rather mysterious manner, Nancy remembered. There was a boy in it, and a girl. And the boy went to college in the story. It didn't matter with her, but with Clare it was different—

If only that boy in the story could speak for himself, Nancy thought, angrily. And pondering that, even to the depth of Miss Pendleton's amazement if one of her characters took on life right under her eyes and caught her pen—only, alas, she wrote everything on her typewriter—Nancy was seized with an inspiration of such daring that she trembled, just thinking of it. Oh, she wouldn't dare do it! But she would. The idea at once became a plan.

It was not tennis or golf or the day-long picnics with her chums that kept the color high on Nancy's cheeks, her eyes bright. No one knew how her light burned far into the night because she discreetly tucked her rug against the crack under her door. Because outwardly she was the same serene sweet-tempered girl, no one suspected the cunning that had laid hold of her very soul, driving her relentlessly toward her purpose.

(Continued on page 33)

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

# The Dryad and

*What mystery is hanging  
over Tanglewood? What  
evil do they fear there?*

THE FIELDS, Jinney and Simon and Roseanna always spent their summers at Lark's Nest. Roseanna, who was grown up but didn't seem at all like it, had charge of the house. Simon was grown up, too, or very nearly so, but he and fifteen-year-old Jinney got on beautifully together, exploring the woods nearby and driving around the country in Pegaway, the weather-beaten old car.

It was when they were exploring Tanglewood, the estate next to Lark's Nest, which had been empty ever since they could remember, that they discovered the place was rented, and that "No Trespassing" signs had been scattered all through the lovely woods they had come to look upon as theirs. And the next day they saw through the window a strange swarthy man, in the room that had been dusty and vacant so long.

Before they were even settled at Lark's Nest, Pat came, and Roseanna took him on as hired boy, although he was most mysterious and seemed to have dropped out of nowhere.

And then—surprise on surprise—came the dryad, who appeared suddenly one afternoon at the top of the stairs when Roseanna was serving lemonade to some friends from the shore cottages. Of course, she wasn't a real dryad, but Jinney thought she looked lovely enough to be one.

When the company had gone, and the Fields asked her who she was, she replied, astonishingly, that she didn't know. She remembered nothing at all in her life before that afternoon when she had found herself wandering in the fields near Lark's Nest.

The best thing to do, decided Roseanna, was to inquire tactfully of the new people at Tanglewood whether they had lost a guest, so she told Simon and Jinney to go there while she and the dryad rested. As they approached Tanglewood, still another mystery confronted them, for there was Pat, their hired boy, stealthily entering a window in the ell at the back of the house!

"Well, did you ever! So it's a young burglar we've got for a hired boy!" Simon whispered to Jinney while they crouched behind the lilacs after Pat's head had vanished from the cellar window. "But if this is his real vocation, tell me, Jinney, why doesn't he go about it in the usual way, after dark. He's young, of course, and may have something to learn."

How could Simon talk like that? And there was a laugh in his whisper. Didn't he care about Pat at all? Didn't he know that Pat was one of them, one of their own kind?



The Fields had divided the world into two kinds of people, "inners" and "outers." The inners, of course, were those with whom they felt at home and could be themselves; the outers were all the rest of the world, people like Laura Fremont, who were all right in their way, but whose way somehow was quite foreign to the Field mind. Well, Pat was very much of an inner, had been from the first instant. And here he was housebreaking!

"I think you're mean!" Jinney exclaimed under her breath. "How can you laugh! It's ghastly!" And then she asked rather desperately, "What are we to do now?"

"Wait, I guess," was Simon's response. "We don't really know what Pat is up to. So there's nothing to do but wait, hiding here, and nab him when he comes out. Let's get a little farther back."

And when they had withdrawn a little deeper into the bushes Simon said softly: "I say, Jinney, life isn't quite so dull for us at Lark's Nest as Laura Fremont thinks, is it? I don't believe they have any more excitement than this over at the shore cottages, do you? What is more interesting than mystery? And mysteries coming thick and fast! Who

# the Hired Boy

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy



"What are we to do now?" Jinney said as they drew further back into the bushes. "Wait, I guess," was Simon's response. "We don't really know what Pat is up to—let's just wait"

believe in Pat just as much as you believe in the dryad, no matter how suspicious things look. And there's his head! He's getting out!"

"Then sh! We'll let him pass us a little and get on out of sight of the house before we frighten him. You may be right. Anyway he'll have his chance to explain."

They waited until Pat had dragged himself out of the cellar window and passed them unnoticed. Then Simon sprang forward and put a hand on his shoulder. "Exactly like a policeman!" Jinney thought, wincing. But she came forward too. She was in this with Simon and must stand by. However, she found it almost impossible to meet Pat's eyes, and so she avoided doing so altogether by stooping to pick some imaginary nettles from her stockings.

Simon was speaking tensely. "Now, Pat. Explain yourself, please. What's the big idea?"

"Come on farther into the woods then," Pat

is this hired boy anyway, with his perfect, if oddly accented English, and his good manners? He's rather young to be on his own. Where'd he come from? And why is he house-breaking? And right on top of him enters—the dryad. She's a mystery just to look at—she's so lovely. Then, when she opens her mouth, the mystery deepens. She's a mystery even to herself. Have you any ideas about her, Jinney?"

Jinney turned her head and looked her brother in the eyes. He was a little taken aback by the earnestness in hers. "Plenty of ideas," she whispered. "One of them is that she is only pretending to have lost her memory. Why shouldn't that be her way of breaking into our house, just as that cellar window is Pat's way of breaking into Tanglewood? I don't see why you are ready to trust her so absolutely, and, at the very first thing Pat does, mistrust him. If Pat's a fake, well, the dryad's a fake. That's what I think."

"Oh, no. She's real. She's true. Nothing in the world could make me suspect her of playing a game. The poor girl has really lost her memory. That's very obvious."

"All right. Perhaps she is telling us the truth. But I

begged. "Anybody might see or hear us here."

But when they had gone on far enough into the woods for Pat to feel comparatively safe from the eyes and ears of the house, he turned stubborn; he said that he would tell Simon nothing, that Simon had no right to ask, that it was his own affair.

"Be reasonable!" Simon commanded. "Of course it isn't just your affair. Jinney and I are witnesses to your house-breaking. We can't let that go by. We'll have to go right round to the house there and tell them all about what you've done, unless you can satisfy us that you are not a thief and that you have some good reason for this crazy behavior. Don't you see, we're giving you your chance."

The two boys stood looking at each other. Simon was cool but Pat was very much excited. At last he said desperately, "I tell you what. Let's put it up to Miss Roseanna. She's a person to understand. I can swear that I did not go into that house to steal or do anything wrong. I had a perfectly good reason. Let's wait to see what Miss Roseanna says. Will you? That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Simon hesitated, but agreed after a minute. "There can



be no harm in waiting a little," he said. "You can't get away from us, anyway. But there's one thing we can find out here and now. Turn out your pockets, Pat."

To Jinney's dismay, Pat, at that request, went furiously red. "But—" he began, "but—"

"Yes!" Simon insisted. And again he looked and sounded like a policeman. How hateful it all was, and Jinney's heart in her own ears was louder than the thrush!

Pat had to turn out his pockets. There was absolutely nothing of any account in them; in fact, they were strangely empty for the overall pockets of a boy of his age.

"Well, what about that pocket," Simon demanded, pointing to a left-hand breast pocket which Pat had passed over. It was a small pocket and looked flat enough. Certainly no great store of booty could be concealed there.

Pat looked at Jinney as though for help. Then he tapped that pocket with his fingers, white fingers, Jinney noticed again. "That pocket's stitched," Pat said, but with a funny little stammer and an increase in his queer accent. It was obvious that he was in difficulties.

"Sure it's stitched," Simon agreed. "Most pockets are. But it's not stitched down. Or is it?" Simon stepped forward and unbuttoning the pocket flap explored it for himself. "Let's see."

The next instant Simon was holding up something sparkling and bright for Jinney's view. It was a small thin gold locket decorated with diamonds.

Pat reached his hand out for it. "Give that locket back to me," he said, quite with an air as though he had a right to the valuable trinket, in spite of his burning face.

"No," Simon replied. "We'll show it to Roseanna first. You are going to explain to her, you know. Are those real diamonds? Have you anything to say about this locket?"

Pat dropped his eyes and would not answer. "See here,

Jinney," Simon directed, turning to his sister and lowering his tone so that Pat could not hear. "This looks rather bad. I'm as sorry as you are, honest. But Roseanna may fix things, and everything turn out all right. I'll just go home with Pat now. You inquire at the house whether there's a girl missing and come on home alone. You don't mind, do you?"

"Where are you going, Jinney?" Pat called after her rather wildly as she started off, obedient to Simon. She stopped and turned to answer. "Don't you worry, Pat. It has nothing to do with you. I promise not to say a word about you at Tanglewood. It's something quite different."

The relief that flooded the boy's face warmed her heart. "No, he's not a thief. He never, never stole that locket. It belongs to him, and everything can be explained," Jinney assured herself as she started running toward the big house.

## CHAPTER IV *Jinney at Tanglewood*

When Jinney came around the corner of the ell and got a view of the house itself, the memory of her adventure there three weeks ago flooded over her. Even though the level afternoon sunlight lay over the lawns, she could not shake off the feeling that she was walking through a bad dream.

She hoped she wouldn't meet that man again. She hoped especially that he wouldn't see her coming from the direction of the woods. He would think her trespassing, he might think her just a prying girl, a nuisance. And what would she say anyhow. She wished Simon were along.

"Just ask a few tactful questions," Roseanna had directed, "without saying anything that would embarrass the dryad." That was not so easy. "Maybe if I'd ask if they were expecting any guests, and offer them Pegaway to meet them at the station, that would be the best way," she mused. "At any rate it is a way to begin. And it's a neighborly thing to do, too."

She was in such a glow that she was not aware of anyone else. But no less than three people, men, were aware of her, very much aware of her. They stepped from a summer house on the lawn as though they might have been sentinels on duty and surrounded her in quite a military manner. One was the man she and Simon had seen through the window. He said briskly, "What are you doing here, little girl? Aren't you afraid of the dogs?"

It was not surprising, perhaps, that he considered her a little girl, but it irritated her. She had appeared to them running from the woods, her curls flying. And now she stood where they had waylaid her on the lawn, breathless from running, and very much startled by their sudden and odd appearance. Her pointed chin, her shy dark eyes, and the flowered organdie, all may have made her look younger than she was.

"No, I'm not afraid of the dogs," she answered. "But I haven't seen any. I like dogs."

"Is that so? Well, where were you going, my little girl, so fast?"

"To call at Tanglewood," she answered with some dignity. She looked quickly from one to another of interlocutors. They were three middle-aged men, conventionally dressed. But beyond this there was nothing else usual about them. They had dark foreign faces, piercing and, Jinney thought, unfriendly eyes, and when they spoke they kept their voices extraordinarily low. Although their words were English they were so overlaid with accent that Jinney had difficulty in understanding.

"Why do you run so fast to call at Tanglewood?" one asked. "It is not usual to run so fast on a mere call. Or is it? You can tell us—no?"

(Continued on page 41)



From the depths of her big chair Jinney gasped. But he did not hear the gasp



# Let's Talk About Brunettes

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, The Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katharine Shane*

**B**EING a brunette may not be quite so story-bookish as being a blonde, or excite so much comment as being a red-head—but it's a lot less worrisome. If you're a brunette to start with, you are pretty sure to remain one. It doesn't matter if your hair turns darker, and very few colors except the cold, thin, wispy-washy ones, are unbecoming to you.

Of course, there are several kinds of brunettes, and just because you have dark hair and eyes is no reason why you should fancy yourself a dark-skinned *señorita* with a red rose in your teeth. There are brunettes that are as demure as little brown birds and there are brunettes that are the husky outdoor type.

Not all brunettes have dark eyes. Some have blue, some have gray or green and some have that combination of colors that is commonly known as hazel, a sort of greenish brown.

Dark hair covers a wide range of colors all the way from "raven" through the chestnut, ruddy and wood-brown shades.

Also, you'll find great variety in complexions. There are brunettes with olive skins and brunettes with clear white skins. There are brunettes with ruddy complexions, and you will find a lot that look as if they had inherited their pink-and-whiteness from a very blonde ancestress.

Physique, temperament and natural coloring all enter into the problem of choosing colors for the brunette. There are, however, a few general rules that you can go by.

First, remember that in dressing any type you should choose the most important characteristic and play up to it. If your hair is your best feature wear colors that will bring it out. Black hair is always most effective in contrast to light colors. Even if a dark-haired girl wears dark colors, as often she must do for practical reasons, she will almost always find that a bit of cream color at the neck is becoming to her hair.

There are certain black and white girls—dark hair and clear white skins—who seem to need clear strong colors. Girls with rosy cheeks and dark hair and eyes can wear neutral tones such as gray, beige, or taupe, that set off their natural color, and girls with very high color look best usually in neutral or dark shades. Pale girls, however, should avoid dull colors, which are apt to make them look paler. They do much better to choose shades that have warmth and softness but are not sharp. Rose and peach and pinky browns are usually flattering to them.

If a brunette has red glints in her hair she wears ruddy shades well—and also greens. If she has green eyes, green is usually her best bet. If she has blue eyes, of course she will do well to experiment with blues.

If the complexion is sallow the problem is more difficult, but I find usually that sallow skins light up when henna,

*Just because you have dark hair and eyes is no reason why you should fancy yourself a dark-skinned señorita with a red rose in your teeth*



peach, soft, medium green or a slightly bright navy is worn.

Almost all brunettes look better in cream than in white. In choosing pastel shades try to

get colors that seem to have been lightened with cream rather than white—that are pale but not without warmth.

Bright colors are often nice for brunettes but they must be used with discretion. If you are over-plump or over-tall, they do make you look bigger. If you need them, try to introduce them into your costume in small amounts.

I said that temperament entered into the choice of colors, and by this I mean that even though bright colors are becoming to your hair and eyes, if you feel conspicuous and ill at ease in them, there is something wrong. A little thought, however, may show you a way to add color without complications. I know a girl who is quiet and slender and brown-haired, who would hate a red coat but who wears a party dress of soft crêpe in a rich crimson and looks lovely. The color of the dress brings out not only the color in her cheeks but also in her personality.

Color, you know, has a definite effect on your mental state. It should make you *feel* comfortable and charming. Therefore, regardless of what is "recommended to brunettes", work out a color scheme that satisfies you.



"The wonder of the age—the most spectacular performance in the annals of the circus—the mysterious girl on horseback—"The Masked Rider"—" so the billboards announced her, and twice a day the mysterious rider went through the daring feats of her act. But who she was, where she lived, or from what veteran of the sawdust ring she received her training, not even the owner of the circus himself knew

# The Masked Rider

*Not even the owner of the circus knew who she was—and if he had known, would he have taken her on that afternoon when she appeared so mysteriously and offered to save the show for him?*

IT WAS a sultry afternoon in early August. The matinée performance of Cooper's Colossal Circus had come to an end, and the audience was making its way out of the big top to the menagerie, bent upon having a last look at the animals they had seen in the ring.

A short, stout, ruddy-faced elderly man in a Palm Beach suit stood in a sawdust ring, near one of the centerpoles of the canvas structure, and watched the crowd disappear into the adjoining tent. He took off a well-worn Panama hat, mopped the perspiration from a shining bald head with a large colored handkerchief, and muttered an exclamation that was a mixture of disappointment and disgust.

"Business is bad!" he said to himself. "Think of it—Millersburgh, West Virginia, which used to be one of our best stands, turning out a small crowd like this! Only half filling the tent! Not enough of a crowd to pay our expenses. Of all the—"

He came to an abrupt stop in his soliloquy. He had suddenly caught sight of a lone figure in the reserved seat section over near the band stand—the figure of a young and attractive girl. She was sitting there bare-headed holding her hat in her lap, and gazing earnestly at him.

"The show's over, miss!" he shouted, a note of exasperation in his voice. "Everybody must get out o' this tent."

The girl smiled at him pleasantly. "I'm waiting to have a talk with you, Mr. Cooper," she called back to him. "A business talk."

The proprietor of Cooper's Colossal Circus—for the man in the sawdust ring was none other than Mr. James J. Cooper himself—received this unexpected answer without pleasure. He was in anything but a good humor—in no mood to waste valuable time. What "business" could a mere girl have with him? He didn't take the trouble to reply to her, but motioned toward the exit.

The young lady, however, paid no attention to the gesture of dismissal. "I'll be with you in a minute," she said brightly, and walked toward him with a graceful, swinging gait. As she drew near, the old showman was forced to admit that his young visitor was rather out of the ordinary. He beheld a pretty wholesome face, with steady brown eyes, a round dimpled chin, and dark bobbed hair worn in boyish fashion with a part on one side. She was about seventeen, he imagined, and her clothes—she was all in brown—had been selected with taste and were worn with distinction. And what a gentle voice!

The circus owner was somewhat puzzled. The girl was what he called "quality," and he was embarrassed. "Well—er—young lady," he began, "you say you—er—want to see me—er—"

"I'll come right to the point," she interrupted. "I want a job with your circus."

Mr. Cooper was surprised, and showed it. "You want a job with our circus!"

By LOUIS WESLYN

Illustration by Garrett Price

"As a bareback rider." And without waiting to hear what the showman had to say to this startling announcement, she continued: "You need something sensational in

this show, Mr. Cooper. It's a good show, but it isn't a knock-out. It's just an ordinary circus with no outstanding feature. What you require is a big headliner."

Mr. Cooper didn't know whether to be angry or amused. The idea of this little outsider having the nerve to tell him what he needed in his own circus!

"Your business has been very bad during the last month or so, I understand," the girl went on. "You are losing money every day."

"And I suppose you can overcome this difficulty." The old showman spoke with fine sarcasm.

"I believe I can," said the girl earnestly. "Of course, I wouldn't expect you to engage me without a trial performance. I'm all ready for that trial performance right now."

"Right now!" bellowed Mr. Cooper. "But, my dear young lady, we can't—"

"Oh, yes you can!" cried the dear young lady. "I know it's unusual, but the sooner we get at it the better. Let me have the splendid white horse you used in the last riding act, and I'll show you what I can do. I'm all prepared for a try-out, Mr. Cooper. I am wearing riding clothes under this sports suit, and I have my riding shoes here, too."

Mr. Cooper was disconcerted. In all his experience he had never before run up against a situation like this. Ordinarily, he would have refused to listen to such an unheard of suggestion as that he grant a trial performance, in the middle of the circus' season, to a seventeen year-old who looked more like a school girl than a bareback rider. But the old showman was worried over his business affairs; it was quite true, as the girl had said, that his circus was losing money, and it was also quite true that the show was lacking a strong feature act of the breath-taking kind that creates enthusiasm. But this unknown girl!—could it be possible that she was actually a star performer? Mr. Cooper looked her over critically from head to foot, and then shook his head. He knew all the leading bareback riders of the day, but he couldn't remember ever having seen this girl before.

"What circus have you been with?" he demanded.

"I've never been with any circus," was the answer.

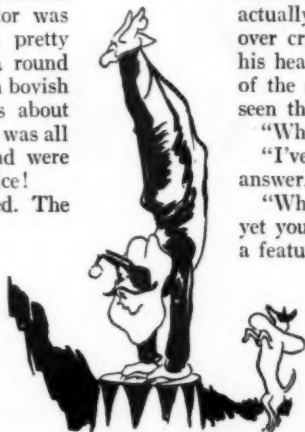
"What! You've never been with a circus, and yet you propose to take your place in my show as a feature act?" Mr. Cooper exploded. And then he asked, not too politely: "What's your name, anyway?"

"You may call me Winnie Arnold."

"Are you a professional?"

"That's for you to judge, Mr. Cooper. Why don't you give me a trial?"

"You really consider yourself a high-





class artist?" Again there was a tone of sarcasm in Mr. Cooper's voice. This girl was really too confident!

"I certainly do," said the girl, promptly. "Otherwise I wouldn't be taking up your valuable time. Those who have seen me ride tell me that I'm quite remarkable."

She spoke with perfect self-assurance, but with no show of egotism. Somehow, her words carried conviction, and Mr. Cooper was impressed in spite of himself.

"All right, Miss Arnold," he decided. "I'll take a chance on you. Go ahead and get ready. We'll have your trial performance at once."

Having decided to see it through, the old showman lost no time in preparing for the girl's private exhibition. He shouted out directions to several members of the big top gang and in a jiffy the middle ring was cleared of the "props" that had been used by the clowns in the last act. Another couple of minutes, and the equestrian director, Sam Parks, answered a hasty summons from the circus owner, who explained the object of the hurry call. The horseman, a tall dark-featured man, listened in undisguised amusement; he was thinking that the trial performance would prove to be an amateurish affair.

Meanwhile, Winnie Arnold had hurried into the dressing tent, and in an incredibly short time she was back again in the sawdust ring—a charming picture in brown silk bloomers and a close-fitting silk jersey of orange color. Her tan riding shoes were made of the softest leather.

A beautiful white mare now appeared on the scene, in charge of a groom from the equestrian tent. "This is Magnolia, the horse you asked for, young lady," said Mr. Cooper. "You picked the right one, as she is the best of all our horses for practice purposes. Our equestrian director, Mr. Parks, will act as your ringmaster."

Winnie Arnold beamed upon the pessimistic Parks, and then turned to stroke the neck of the splendid animal, calling her by name and offering her a cube of sugar, which Magnolia accepted graciously. The girl had not overlooked a single detail in arranging for the occasion.

"Are you ready, Miss Arnold?" the circus owner asked impatiently.

"Quite ready," replied the girl. "Let's go!"

The equestrian director, taking his place in the center of the ring, blew his whistle and cracked his whip. Magnolia responded at once to the well-known signal, starting at an even gait around the arena.

Then came the first surprise of the trial exhibition. Waiting until the mare had encircled the ring once and was half-way round again, Winnie Arnold shot forward like a released spring. She ran over the sawdust-covered ground and, with a leap that was perfectly timed and executed, landed in a standing position on the horse's back! This difficult feat is accomplished only by the best of bareback riders, and is usually reserved as an applause winner toward the end of a riding act. Evidently the girl had decided to emphasize her efficiency as a star performer at the very outset. And her action had the desired effect on her little audience. As the mare continued on her circular journey with clock-like precision, and as the graceful little rider, still erect, shifted her feet in a sort of dance step, the old showman and Sam Parks exchanged surprised glances.

"Great stuff!" exclaimed the experienced horseman—praise indeed from a critic who was rarely known to approve of a ring performance.

As for Mr. James J. Cooper, who was now sitting outside the ring on a pedestal belonging to the trained bears' act—that robust gentleman's ruddy face had become a picture registering amazement. "Well, I'll be horns-

woggled!" he muttered to himself in his astonishment.

The others of the girl's private audience—the groom and the big top gang—chattered excitedly among themselves.

Sam Parks blew his whistle for a short rest period. The well-trained Magnolia slowed up and came to a standstill. Winnie dropped to a sitting position on the mare's back, bending over to stroke the neck of the beautiful animal. Not a word was spoken during the brief recess, but the two showmen nodded knowingly to each other. It was apparent that the girl understood the routine of bareback riding, and that she was at home in the atmosphere of the big top.

Once more the whistle blew, and the exhibition was resumed. For the next ten minutes, with occasional periods of rest, Winnie Arnold went through all the customary tricks that go to make up a high-class bareback riding act, and added several daring feats accomplished only by the greatest of equestrian stars. Her somersaulting, both backward and forward, was a thing of perfection; not once did she fail in her accurate timing, making each revolution in the air with lightning quickness and regaining her footing with the utmost grace.

Now and then the groom and the big top workmen, unable to hold back their enthusiasm, clapped their hands noisily, and Mr. Cooper didn't protest. The old showman himself was "hornswoggled" several times in the course of the exhibition. At last he rose to his feet and held up his hand.

"That'll be enough!" he called out, in a cheery voice. "I'm satisfied, young lady. Kindly dismount and come over here to me. I want to have a talk with you. Everybody else can go."

A few minutes later Winnie Arnold found herself alone in the big top with the circus owner, sitting beside him on the trained bears' pedestal.

"Now, my dear girl," began Mr. Cooper, and there was no mistaking the tone of respect in his voice, "tell me the truth, if you please. You say you've never been with a circus. Well, with what kind of show have you been doing that act of yours?"

Winnie turned her steady brown eyes upon him, as she answered: "Honestly, Mr. Cooper, I've never been with a show of any kind in all my life."

Mr. Cooper removed his old Panama and scratched his bald head in perplexity.

"You haven't—humph!" he grunted.

"What difference does it make whether I've been with a show or not?" Winnie wanted to know. "You see I've been well trained."

"I'll say you have!" the old showman exclaimed.

"I've been preparing for this sort of thing ever since I was five years old," Winnie continued, "and now I believe I'm ready for real work."

"You sure are," Mr. Cooper readily assented.

"Do you want to engage me?" the girl asked abruptly.

"Of course I do—if we can agree on salary."

"There'll be no trouble about salary."

Mr. Cooper gazed at the girl in astonishment. "You mean to say you'll leave the salary to me?"

"Certainly," Winnie nodded. "Whatever you say will be all right."

The circus man heaved a sigh of relief. Those troublesome overhead expenses were ever present in his mind.

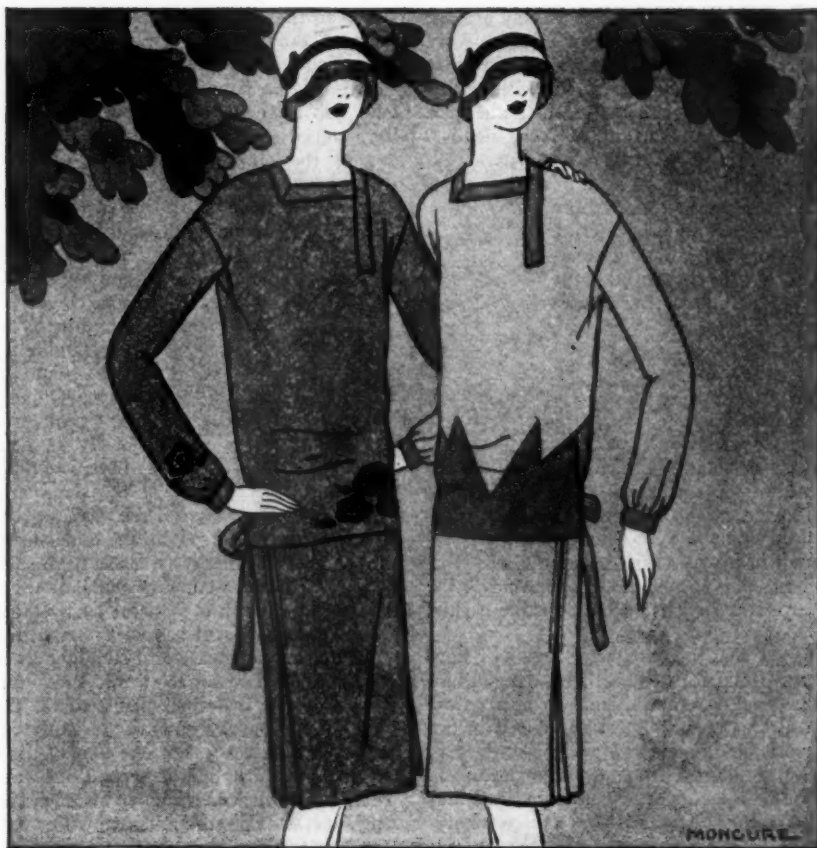
"Pay me whatever you can afford to pay," said the bewildering young lady. "What I want to do is to help you build up business again—to draw the people to the big

(Continued on page 31)





Bright colored wool embroidery makes a jolly trimming—or why not a modern design in contrasting color? Jersey is a nice material or crêpe de chine for warm weather



# Anyone Can Make It

*Scissors and a tape measure and a little ingenuity, and presto!—you have a smart sports dress, or several of them if you like*

**I**F I were a girl again, I'd learn to sew."

It was one of the most beautiful women I know who said that. "And I don't mean just mending, either, or sewing on buttons. I mean making things," she went on. "I don't know why no one ever taught me to sew. I don't know why I didn't have wit enough to teach myself. Do you know of anything that makes you feel so helpless as to admire a new dress on one of your friends—a dress you are sure came from an expensive shop and have her tell you, 'I made it myself'?"

We don't. Nor anything more satisfying than to be the clever girl who can make it herself—a new party dress, for instance, when a party comes up unexpectedly that you just have to have a new dress for, or lots of simple summer dresses that you can make for very little and that do cost a lot when you have to buy them.

Well, here is a dress that you can make for yourself if you have a tape measure and a pair of scissors and a little patience. It doesn't even require a paper pattern. And once having succeeded with this, you may be emboldened to try something more difficult. Who knows but that before the end of the summer, you'll be making all sorts of charming frocks for yourself, and perhaps for your little sister too!

Jersey is the best material to use, and if you take a four-

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure

teen year old size, two yards of material will be just right. If you use a larger size, get two yards and a half. Jersey comes in a tube thirty inches wide, and costs about two dollars a yard, so for four or five dollars, you can have a really lovely sports dress.

The dress shown here is a lovely soft Robin Hood green, and it is embroidered with three shades of blue and green tapestry wool. You can buy small skeins of these wools at an embroidery shop, for about fifteen cents apiece. If you prefer, you can make your dress of Alice blue, embroidered in rose and lavender and green; or of white, embroidered in pastel shades; or of any other color that you like particularly. It will be such fun to work out your own color scheme.

When you have bought your material and chosen your wools, you are all ready to start cutting the dress. I like to cut things out on the bed or on the floor, where I can spread my materials out nicely. The diagram shows how the different parts of the pattern are laid out on the material for cutting, and remember that the material is double, so the diagram only shows one-half of the dress. If you are of average height for fourteen, cut your skirt twenty-seven inches long. There will be no seams in your skirt, as the material is tubular. Put in a four inch hem at the bot-

tom. Then take your own hip measure very loosely around the largest part of your hips. If your hips measure forty inches, and the skirt measures sixty inches around, that means that you have twenty inches extra for fullness. If you are very slender you may prefer just to gather the skirt, and leave it very full. If you are not very slender, it is better to put in pleats and stitch them down part way. In the dress shown in the illustration, there is a box pleat at either side of the front, each pleat taking up ten inches of the fullness in the material.

After you have figured out how much material you want to put into pleats, lay the skirt out flat and pin the pleats in, experimenting until your skirt is just the right size. Then baste them down carefully and stitch the pleats on the outside quite near the edge of the tuck. Turn down half an inch of material at the top of the skirt, stitch it and run in an elastic that fits your waist. Press the pleats in so that they are even at the bottom and lie perfectly flat. Press them on the wrong side, of course. Jersey presses so easily that it is not necessary to use a damp cloth. Now do you see how simple it is to make a skirt? And by the way, if you have an extra sweater, why not make a skirt to match it?

If you wear a larger size than fourteen, you will have to cut your skirt a little longer, of course. Perhaps you had better measure your length from waistline to hem before you start cutting at all, and remember to allow four inches to turn up at the bottom, and one inch to turn in at the top.

Now for the blouse, which is a little harder, but not much. If I were you, I should make all of my measurements and put in pins before I did any cutting. Measure a piece twenty-seven inches long and twenty-one inches wide. This is the main part of the blouse, and should be cut double, with a side seam at one edge of the tubing. Cut the neck three inches deep and six inches wide in front, but do not cut any neck at all in the back. If you want to make your blouse fit very nicely, slope the shoulders off one inch from the neck line to the top of the sleeve. (See dotted line in diagram.) This is not necessary, but it makes a little smoother fit, especially if your shoulders are very sloping.

Beginning at the other edge of the tubing, cut your

sleeve so that the folded edge will be the center of your sleeve. Make the sleeve seven inches wide and twenty inches long. You will see in the diagram where to cut out the two sleeves. If you have left your shoulder seam straight, you may also leave the top of your sleeve straight, but if you have sloped the shoulder seam a little, you will also have to slope the top of your sleeve an inch from the top to the under-arm seam. Cut two pieces, four inches wide and eight inches long; two strips, three inches wide and twenty-seven inches long for belt pieces; and one strip, three inches wide and thirty-six inches long for the neck. Cut two four inch squares for gussets.

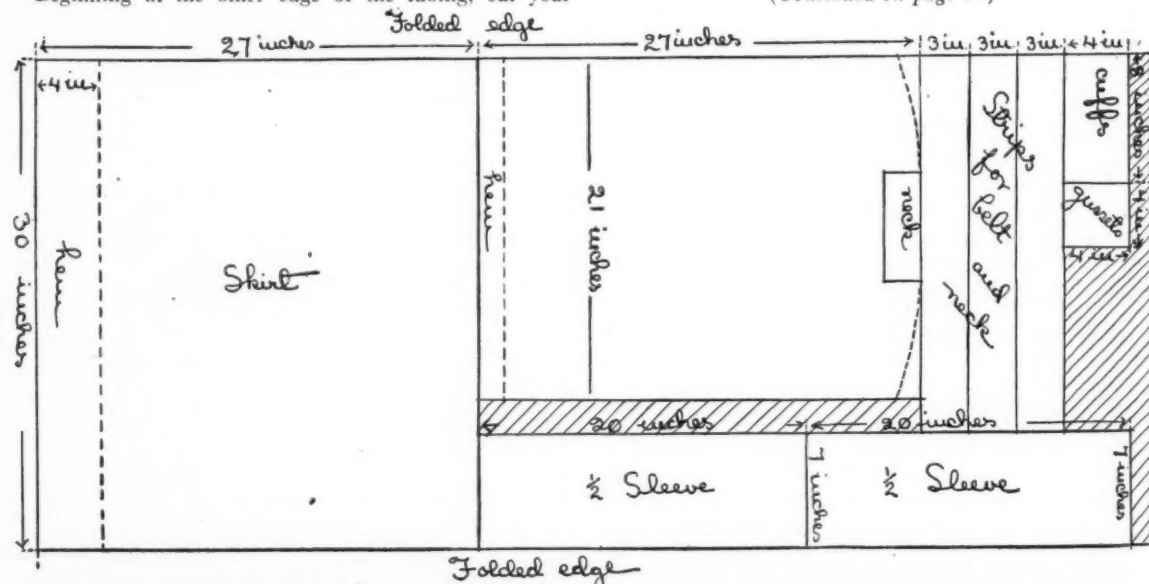
To make up the blouse, first of all sew up the shoulders, allowing a half inch seam. Press this seam open. (One of the most important parts of making a dress nicely is constant pressing.) Then sew the sleeve in, placing

the center of the sleeve at the shoulder seam, and press these seams carefully. Then lay the two halves of the blouse together and sew up the under-arm seams, to within three inches of where the sleeve begins. Sew up the sleeve seam to within three inches of the blouse. Then sew in the square gusset with a point at each corner of the opening under the arm. It will be easier to sew this in by hand. The gusset makes the sleeve and shoulder fit better, and allows plenty of freedom for the arms. Press again.

Turn up a two inch hem around the bottom of the blouse. Sew the two ends of the cuff together, gather the bottom of the sleeves, sew one edge of the cuff to the sleeve, by machine, turn up the second edge and hem by hand. Next, double the three long strips of material, stitch up the long sides and one end, and turn with a safety pin or pencil. Press these flat. Three inches above the bottom of your blouse, rip enough of the side seam to insert the belt pieces. These pieces, when tied together behind, will make the blouse fit nicely.

Lay the other band around the neck of the blouse. Letting the finished end hang four or five inches below the square neck on the left hand side, run it up over the left shoulder, across the back, down the other side, and across the front, placing it so that the top edge of the band is about

(Continued on page 34)



If you are a size fourteen and choose thirty-inch jersey tubing, this diagram is just right for you. If you are larger or smaller or use material of a different width, you will have to adjust the measurements to your own size and to the material you select. Measure and pin firmly before you cut



This ancient custom is known as "scraping the dasher," and is the reason your friends become suddenly so helpful when the freezer appears

## "Will You Have an Ice?"

*What a welcome question on a hot afternoon! And when the ice is home-made, it is a double pleasure to answer, "Yes, thank you, I will!"*

**T**ALL glasses heaped with chill mounds of pink or yellow or frosty white sherbet, garnished with sprigs of fresh green mint—what could be more alluring for a hot summer afternoon when the crowd is coming over to your house for a party! And so easy to make, too!

In last month's article on ice creams, I told you how, though frozen cream desserts originated in Europe, ice cream is more popular and more widely eaten in America than anywhere else. That is probably true of ices, too. We seem, as a nation, to be fond of cold things.

The variety of ice most used in Europe is made merely of fruit juice; the American ice is fruit juice mixed with sugar syrup, and, in addition to these, there are the frappé, a water ice, frozen to the consistency of slush and sometimes called a punch; the granite, a water ice to which bits of fresh fruit have been added; the marquise, a water ice with whipped cream; and the sherbet, a water ice made with stiffly beaten egg whites or gelatin, or both.

These ices all have about the same food value as a fruit beverage—with the exception of the marquise—which makes them more cooling for hot weather than ice cream, although not so nourishing. They are ideal as party refreshments or at a summer evening's dance, and they help to balance a heavy dinner, when a rich dessert would ruin the proportions of the meal, to say nothing of the digestions of the diners.

Always remember, when making ices, to have the mixture very cold before you put it into the freezer. While it is cooling, see that the freezer is clean, and collect your ice and salt. You will need about ten pounds of ice and a quart and a pint of coarse salt for a four quart freezer. Break up

By WINIFRED MOSES

Illustration by Cornelia Brownlee

chunks of ice with an ice pick, put them in a canvas bag and pound them with a mallet. The finer the ice, the more thoroughly it mixes with the salt and the quicker will be

the freezing process. But do not mix the ice and salt now.

When your syrup is cool, pour it into the freezer can—but be sure and leave at least one third empty, since the ice will expand when freezing—put the cover on and pack in the ice and salt. First put a layer of ice about eight inches deep, then a layer of salt an inch deep, and repeat until the freezer is full. It is a good idea to set the freezer in a big pan to catch the leakage from the melting ice.

Then the cranking begins. When freezing ices, it is best to turn the crank for five minutes, rest five minutes, turn again, and so on until the mixture is frozen. For sherbets, however, as for ice creams, where smoothness is desired, the crank should be turned continuously, slowly at first and then more and more rapidly as the dessert stiffens.

When the ice or sherbet has been frozen enough, take out the dasher from the center of the freezer can, scrape it carefully and pack down the ice firmly in the can. You probably won't need to be reminded that it is an unwritten law of the freezer that the dasher scrapings, after the first big spoonfuls are taken off, go to the one who has done the turning. But don't begin taking your toll until you have replaced the cover on the freezer can, with the hole at the top corked tightly, and have drawn off the water, filled the can with fresh ice and salt, and wrapped the whole freezer in a burlap bag, with a layer of heavy brown paper over the top of the can. After this comes your deserved reward.

My own two favorite ices are pineapple sherbet and

(Continued on page 36)

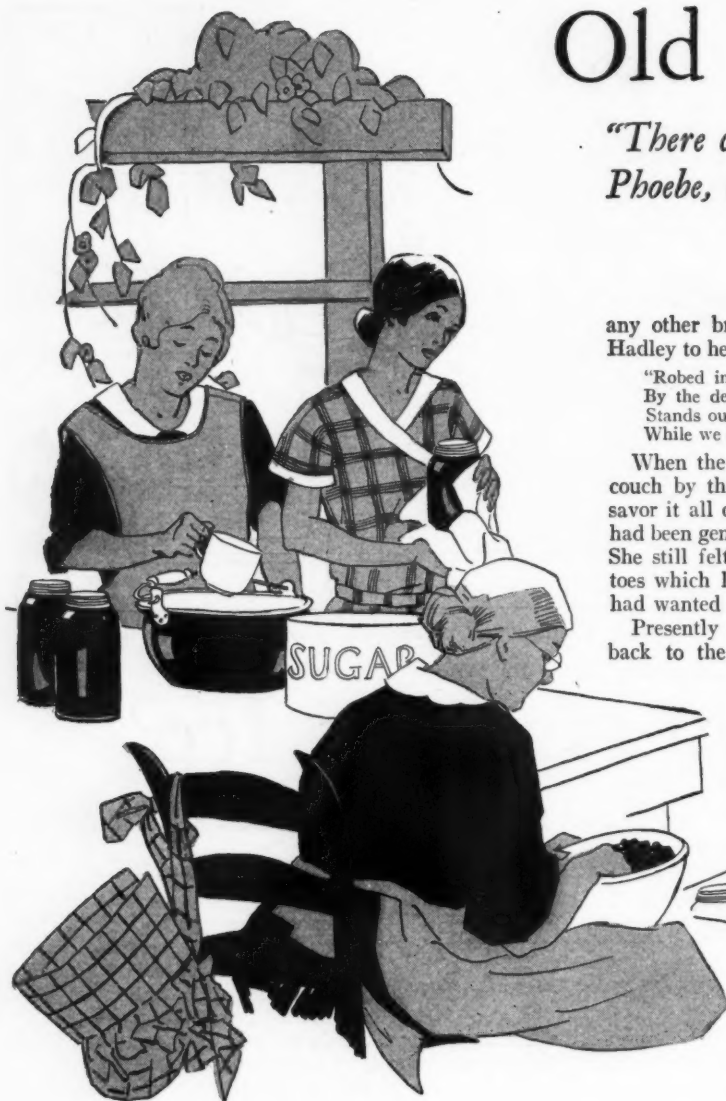


# Old Man Jinx

*"There can't be any more calamities  
Phoebe, but the Jinx just shook him-*

By LOUISE

Illustrations by



"THERE'S someone that we like to have around,  
Who can it be?  
Sh! Sh! Sh! We'll tell you!  
It's Phoebe Darling every time that we are glad to see.  
There, there, there, we've told you!"

Phoebe Darling, looking down through the soft darkness of the May night at the white circles that were the faces of the girls serenading her, was tingling with happiness.

"Girls," she began, leaning far out over the window-sill, "I—I—You see, I can't even say the things I want to say." She stopped, then went on rapidly, covering, girl-fashion, her deep emotion with gay words. "That shows it was a mistake for you to elect me president, but I'll do my best to keep the other classes from finding it out! I promise you that."

"Is Phoebe Darling a mistake?" came the voice of the song leader three stories below.

A roar of "No!" answered her promptly. A strange and vehement roar.

"Now," went on the leader, "everybody—the good-night song."

A moment later Phoebe was joining with her freshman classmates in the good-night song which more than

any other brings back in after years the feel of Mount Hadley to her alumnae. It stays with them forever.

"Robed in sunset, curtained round,  
By the deepening evening light,  
Stands our well-loved Alma Mater,  
While we sing our soft 'good-night'."

When the girls had gone, Phoebe dropped down on the couch by the window. For just a moment she wanted to savor it all over again, for she, alone of her college class, had been genuinely surprised at her election that afternoon. She still felt the warm, glowing feeling way down to her toes which had begun when she found that the freshmen had wanted her for their sophomore president.

Presently Phoebe stretched a cramped knee and came back to the practicalities. She felt financially safe for the coming year, else she could not have accepted the class presidency with the responsibilities and time it involved. While the election was going on, she had made a hasty mental calculation, and decided the outlook was clear. Still, it might be just as well, now, to go over the figures again and make quite sure. Whereupon Phoebe uncurled herself from the couch, switched on the light, and reached into her desk for her check-book.

There she found a bank balance of a hundred and thirty-nine dollars and twenty cents. Not bad at all for nearly the end of the college year, but—on the other hand, not a large part of eleven hundred dollars! And eleven hundred dollars Phoebe knew from her freshman experience, was the minimum requirement for a year's college expenses, eight hundred and ten for board and tuition, and three hundred for carfare, clothes, books, and incidentals. How could she have figured herself to safety? Startled, Phoebe began putting down items.

\$115 or thereabouts left in the bank by commencement  
150 scholarship from the college  
50 off because she was to have one of the cheaper rooms  
400 from Father  
85 more or less from typewriting at college at \$.50 an hour.  
She had made that amount this year

\$800 all together  
Needed to complete her budget—\$310

The three hundred and ten dollars must be earned during the summer months, since the typewriting was all she could attempt outside her college work. From talks with other girls, Phoebe knew that \$310 was a third to a half more than most summer jobs could pay, but Phoebe had a special job all her own. The summer before, she had invented and managed in the Darling apple orchard at home, a Baby Garden which had netted over four hundred and fifty dollars. The coming vacation was a shorter time in which to work, but she should easily clear three hundred dollars, particularly if she could carry out some new plans



# —and Phoebe

*left in the world to happen," thought self, and they were at it again*

WHITEFIELD BRAY

Ruth King

which she and her roommate, Bess, had been evolving through this winter. No need for panic about funds, after all!

This moment of assurance was Phoebe's last, however, for some time. Just then Bess entered with a letter which was to knock Phoebe's plans spinning. As she read the letter, she cried out in dismay.

"Phoebe, what is it?" begged Bess, rushing to her.

"Um-m-m," answered Phoebe, skimming the pages. "An accident. Mother's broken her leg."

Hastily she summarized the news in Father's letter. Mother had gone a few days before to the New Hampshire farm which had come to the Darling family on the death of Phoebe's grandfather early in the winter. There she had tripped and fallen headlong down some old-fashioned, ladder-like stairs. It was amazing that she had broken only one bone instead of many. The village doctor had driven her to the nearest hospital, ten miles away, where she was now resting as comfortably as could be expected. And she was getting expert attention.

"Does that mean you have to go right home?" demanded Bess, a worried look in her eyes.

"No," replied Phoebe, referring to her letter. "I'm to stay here till exams are over in about two weeks. The children seem to be all taken care of. Aunt Alice has 'Lizabeth Ann. Peter and Jane are at school a good part of the day. Father and they are camping out at home, she says, with the large assistance of parishioners. When I arrive, he'll go up to the hospital and bring Mother down, but she'll be on crutches pretty much of the summer."

While Phoebe's pen flew in a letter to her mother, Bess sat thinking. Finally a question popped out in spite of herself!

"Phe! What about the Baby Garden?"

"Why—why—I don't know—I hadn't thought about anything except Mother," Phoebe stammered.

"The babies came only afternoons," suggested Bess wistfully.

Phoebe pulled herself together, Phoebe-wise, and planned fast.

"Exactly! I can nurse and cook and scrub for the family mornings and run the Baby Garden afternoons. I must, if I'm coming back to college next year."

"Phoebe!" wailed Bess. "You've got to come back to be sophomore president!"

Phoebe, even though trained to college schedules, which utilize every moment of the day, found some difficulty in planning a schedule which should include all the manifold duties ahead. At length she evolved one which began with family breakfast at six-thirty in the morning.

"You may have your choice, however," wrote Phoebe to her family, "of breakfast at six-thirty, or no breakfast!"

But the Darlings were never forced to live by this Spartan schedule.

Even in the midst of exams, Phoebe had been hastily revising her summer arrangements. A third girl had been engaged to help her and Bess with the Baby Garden. Everything that could be done at the distance of college, had



*As they worked, Phoebe told about her college, and they listened, eyes gleaming wistfully for what they had missed*

been done to prepare for the opening of the Baby Garden the next week. Phoebe was actually packing the top tray of her trunk to go home, when the telegram arrived which once more sent her carefully rebuilt plans tumbling.

The message from Father read as follows: "Jane has measles. Others exposed. Go directly to the farm. Take Mother there as soon as convenient."

"But why can't I go home and take care of them?" bemoaned Phoebe.

"Have you ever had measles?" demanded Bess.

"No-o, but I wouldn't care."

"You'd be a great help if you did, and of course you would," said Bess, somewhat ambiguously.

"Yes, but think of Jane, and maybe 'Lizabeth Ann and Peter, too, sick without either Mother or me to take care of them!" Phoebe wailed. "Oh, now I understand why I have to go to the farm! Mother's never had the measles either, though Father has. Well," Phoebe smiled a bit crookedly at Bess as she said this, "isn't this just the way things happen in big families?"

"I know what you're thinking, Bess," went on Phoebe bravely, "and of course it's true. It's the end of the Baby Garden for this summer, with the parsonage quarantined for goodness knows how long. No Baby Garden, no money for college next year. Q. E. D."

Anyone listening might have thought Bess did not hear, for she muttered something about a "New Hampshire time table," in a voice not a bit like her own, and flew from the room.

Phoebe picked up the telegram, read it through once more, and then went steadily ahead, packing her trunk.

The next evening Phoebe stood alone on the porch of the old Darling farmhouse in New Hampshire. Dusk was settling over the "interval," as the natives called the stretch

of meadow land among the foothills of the White Mountains. Soft summer green covered the nearer landscape, where only one house, the Ammidon's across the road, was visible, with yellow lamp-light gleaming from the kitchen window. Beyond, low mountain shapes had merged into a single black uneven line across the horizon. A cow mooed. A collie barked. The monotonous boom of frogs and the continuous chirp of crickets made the only other sounds. Phoebe felt very, very far away from the bustle and activity of the college campus, which she had left only that morning. Even the roses which her class had given her, had withered in the dust and heat of the journey, and lay in limp dejection on a chair. How she loved the girls for the send-off they had given her—and most, for their prompt rejection of her resignation as sophomore president. They had absolutely refused to consider it, now, in June. Something might happen to make it possible for her to return in September, they had said. Phoebe knew better, of course, but it would be lovely to belong to them as long as she could. There were lots worse things than not going back to college, such as never having been there at all, never having known her class even for a year.

Lots worse things,—think of Mother's pain and Father's anxiety over the children!

"Selfish pig!" sputtered Phoebe at herself, as she started down the path in answer to Mrs. Ammidon's call to supper. "You can just forget about college!"

Forget it Phoebe did most thoroughly for the next week, and for good reasons. There was an enormous amount of cleaning and airing and sorting to be done all over the house, a process which Mother had hardly commenced before her fall. The only time Phoebe remembered or even thought about college was when the letters came—fat, giggly letters, loads of them. At least Phoebe giggled, but Mother, who usually was eager for every bit of college gossip twice over, only politely smiled.

By the end of a fortnight Phoebe was really worried about Mother. She did not pick up. In desperation Phoebe invented an errand in the village in order to ask Dr. Lang whether a broken leg was usually so devastating in its effects.

"Nothing to worry about, nothing at all," declared the doctor cheerfully. "Leg's knitting beautifully."

"Just the same, I should say she had broken her spirit instead of her leg," thought Phoebe on her way home. "Perhaps she is worried about the children. But Father has a trained nurse for Jane and Lizbeth Ann, and he says they're both light cases. Of course the expenses will be pretty awful, but I never saw Mother doleful about anything like that."

As Phoebe entered the living-room on her return, her Mother, lying on the couch before the open fire, did not hear her step above the crackling of the flames. Phoebe stopped aghast in the doorway, watching tears—tears!—streaming down her face.

"Oh, Mother does it hurt so

much?" cried Phoebe, kneeling and gathering her mother in her arms. "Isn't there something that I can do?"

Mrs. Darling sobbed helplessly.

"It isn't my leg, it's you that hurts, Phoebe," she wailed.

"Why mother, what do you mean?"

"It hurts so badly for you to give up college on my account, just because of this hateful leg."

"Why, you're not stopping me, it's the measles."

"If it weren't for me, you could go somewhere else, away from the measles, and be earning money," insisted Mrs. Darling.

"Well, if you're going to feel so badly about it," Phoebe declared, "I'll go to work and earn the money right here."

"There isn't any way," moaned Mrs. Darling.

"There's always a way," began Phoebe, "if you—"

"Not this time," interrupted her mother, "nor off up here."

"You just wait," said Phoebe as enthusiastically as if she had really thought of something. "I'll go and look at the lake tomorrow and see if that gives me an idea." With this absurd proposition Mrs. Darling was forced to be content.

It is amazing what a wide, peaceful view will do toward balancing one's mind and enlarging one's spirit, but this time the lake, usually an immense satisfaction to Phoebe, did not help her at all.

"Did you think of anything?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Darling, as Phoebe returned the next afternoon.

"I thought of a great many things," replied Phoebe ruefully, but none of them will work.

"First I thought of a tea-room."

"Every woman does," interrupted Mother Darling.

"No good, because we are three miles off the state road to the mountains. Next I eliminated boarders, because—"

"Because the house will be full with the family as soon as they are well enough to come up here," interrupted Mrs. Darling again.

"Then I thought of making candy and cake and things for the lakers, but—"

"That would do if you wanted to earn fifty dollars instead of three hundred," interrupted Mother Darling for the third time.

Rapidly she sketched the plans she had considered and rejected. The farm products she could not sell or can for sale, because the proceeds of anything raised on shares by Mr. Ammidon, the farmer across the road, must go for taxes and repairs, if the Darlings were to keep the farm at all. She would not have time to make things in sufficient quantities to sell to gift shops to earn three hundred dollars, even if she could think of anything to make.

"I told you that this time there was no way out," sighed her mother.

But Phoebe would not go back on the line for which she was so famous that girls often laughingly finished it for her after the first few words, "There is always a way out if you hunt."

(Continued on page 37)



Peter sighed every time he picked up a blueberry pail

# Off the Springboard!

Swimming stunts by LELIA M. FINAN



IF THERE'S anything as disagreeable as being a wallflower at a dance, it's being a landlubber in the midst of a crowd that is as much at home in the water as a school of porpoises. To sit on the beach—no matter how pretty your beach cape is—and see Mary and Sally and Jane and Tom, Dick and Harry, disporting themselves in the sparkling green water, is too much for an active girl to bear.

So one of two things usually happens. Either you go home and stuff your bathing suit into the bag of clothing that is going to the next rummage sale, and vow never, never to get another one, or you take yourself aside and say, "See here, Rosalie. You're not going to be afraid any longer. You're going to learn to *do* things in the water the same as the rest of them, and not think you're drowning if a little wave comes and slaps the side of your face. You may never win prizes as a fancy diver or a long-distance swimmer, but you're going to be a jolly porpoise, and get the top of your head wet once in a while!"

In case you're a landlubber who has chosen the first course you won't be interested in reading any further—unless you are willing to change your mind. But if you have decided to begin making yourself at home in the water, or even if you have already learned to swim and dive, you'll want to know some of these amusing water stunts. The best swimmers as well as the veriest beginners have equally good times making windmills, rolling logs, and riding a bicycle in the water.

Of course, you will want to develop a good swimming stroke and to learn to dive well. Besides being a useful thing

to know, swimming is one of the best exercises there is, and a fine beauty treatment, too, for it helps build graceful, symmetrical bodies. But if you are afraid, you can't put your mind on perfecting a crawl stroke. You're too busy wondering if your breath is going to hold out until you reach the raft. And a good way to forget about your breath is to learn to relax in the water by playing.

With the stunts I am going to tell you about, you can do all sorts of things—play games, give exhibitions, or just amuse yourselves in the lake in summer or in the pool in winter. I've seen groups at camp have a great time playing "Follow the Leader," with an ever growing gallery on the raft, composed of those who had to drop out because they couldn't do one of the stunts the leader set. There is the elimination contest, too, which is fine to have on one of those days when things seem to be going slowly in the water. In this, each person in turn does a different stunt. As soon as anyone fails, she is eliminated. So, you see, the more stunts you have in your repertory, the longer you can keep away from the sidelines and stay in the game. Here are some that will help. But be sure and have your councillor around when you try them. She may have many helpful suggestions.



Hunt the chips

## Human Log Rolling

Lie in a floating position on the back, with the arms extended over the head and the legs together. Keep your body rigid, and roll over and over sideways, the action coming from the hips and shoulders. This is an easy stunt to do, and very effective in a pool if one girl after another

(Continued on page 30)

A balloon race



Illustrations by Robb Beebe



# Indian Tipis for Palefaces

By FAY WELCH

**W**EHAVE inherited many useful things from the American Indian. Our meals would seem sadly deficient without the "Three Sisters" of the Iroquois: corn, beans, and squashes; that most graceful of all water craft, the canoe, is modeled after the birch bark canoe of the north-eastern woodland Indians; and the roving Indians of the Great Plains contributed that most picturesque and useful camp dwelling, the buffalo skin tipi.

It is the only "tent" designed primarily to provide for an open fire inside. One is as surprised to find how small a fire, and all tipi fires should be small, will warm it in winter, as to discover how frequently at other seasons a fire is welcome. On cold days of spring, fall or even summer it is a great comfort to have a fire inside your tipi. Frequently at Tanager Lodge when a group of us have planned to cook supper out, only to be greeted with a deluge of rain, we have gone to the tipi and there cooked our meal in perfect comfort. It also makes an ideal campfire gathering place for small groups when the weather is cold and wet, or the mosquitoes are on the warpath! But the greatest luxury of all is the cozy fire in the middle of your tipi radiating light and warmth as bedtime comes, a fire that you not only can undress by, but so near your bed of fragrant balsam boughs that you can reach out and add another stick if necessary without stirring from your couch.

To watch the glowing embers as you gradually drift off to slumber with the music of wind, rain or lapping waves outside is one of the supreme delights of camping.

All Girl Scout camps should have a tipi or two, and troops can use them to good advantage as well. If you are interested in making one it is best to make a miniature one first. This can be made to a scale of one inch to



*A tipi at Camp Edith Macy, New York. There is a border of conventionalized mountains around the bottom and the Pleiades on the smoke flap*

one foot. Possibly each Girl Scout in your patrol would like to make a paper model, working out in colored crayons the decorations she likes best. The pictures on this page and the ones following are full of suggestions. Then, after the most appropriate design has been selected, a more accurate model on a larger scale can be made from cloth.

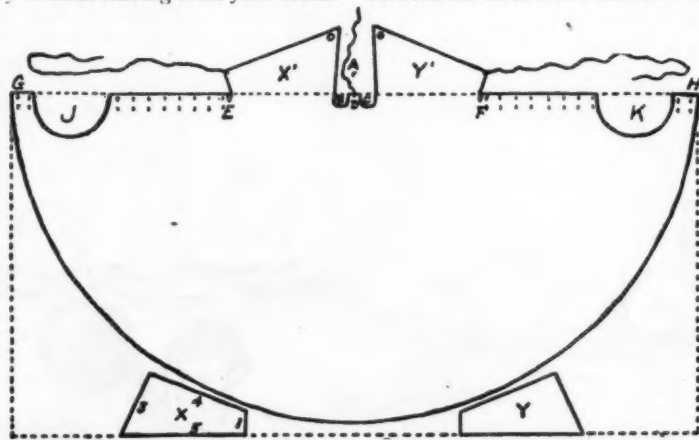
A fifteen-foot tipi (that is, a tipi with a diameter on the ground of fifteen feet) will be described here as that size is usually the best for all-around camp purposes. It is not so large as to be difficult to erect, and it will accommodate a goodly number. There is ample room for four or five to sleep in it, eight or ten can cook a meal inside, and thirty or more can be packed in for an evening of songs and stories.

For a fifteen-foot tipi first purchase a rectangle fifteen by thirty feet of eight-ounce, white duck. (The Girl Scout Equipment Department can supply this.) Using a heavy

pencil or crayon tied to the end of a piece of stout cord, draw a semi-circle using as a center point (A, on the diagram) one foot away from the middle of one side. Now on the straight side measure three inches each way from the center point. Beyond each three-inch mark, cut out a U-shaped piece six inches wide and six inches deep (B and C on the diagram). This will leave a third piece (D), the same size, between the other two. This is called the throat piece. To it

attach firmly a section of one-quarter inch rope, three feet long, to be used in lifting the tipi cover.

From the unused corners of the canvas cut two smoke flaps five by one by four by three feet (X and Y). The four foot sides of these flaps are sewed to the edge of the tipi cover at each side of the U-shaped cuts (X' and Y'). Holes three or four inches in diameter should be made in the outermost



*This is a diagram for cutting a tipi which will have a diameter of fifteen feet*

corner of each flap, and light ropes about twelve feet long attached to the other outside corner.

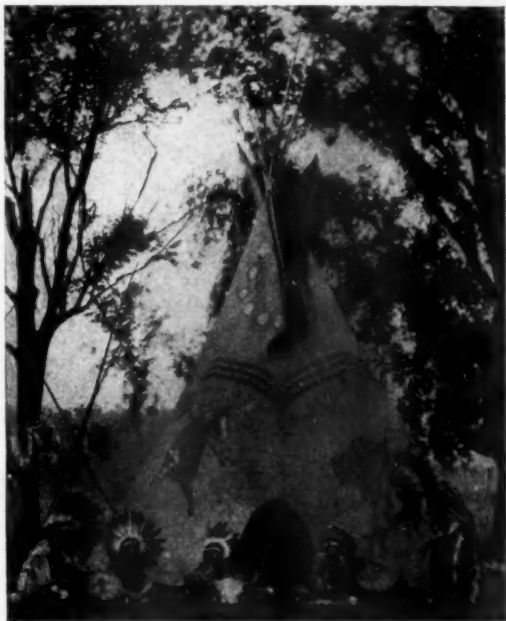
If you desire a circular door-hole start one foot from each corner and cut two openings (J and K) each two by three feet. Otherwise, after the tipi has been erected, the lower corners can be thrown back to form a triangular entrance.

At the points where the smaller ends of the smoke flaps are attached (E and F) cuts should be made three inches deep and one-half inch wide. Between these and the door holes a series of slits, each one inch long, are made in pairs for the lacing pins. The outer one of each pair should be nearly two inches from the edge of the canvas and they should be five or six inches apart. These must be so placed that when the edges E-G and F-H are over-lapped, as they will be after the tipi is erected, the holes on each edge will coincide and the lacing pins, slender sticks about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and twelve to fifteen inches long that have been peeled and sharpened, can be used to fasten the two sides together.

Loops made of small strips of canvas or strong tape should be attached every three or four feet around the circular edge of the tipi cover. All raw edges should be hemmed, bound with extra canvas or buttonholed.

Now you are ready to decorate your tipi. With a heavy pencil sketch on the canvas the designs which you have selected. When ready to paint the designs wet the canvas thoroughly (a pail of water with a sponge or bath towel is all that is needed). The wetting will not only conserve the paint and make it spread much more easily, but will also prevent its penetrating and rendering the canvas stiff and heavy. It is desirable to keep to the primary colors in decorating the tipi.

Everything is now ready except the poles of which there should be fourteen or fifteen. These should be straight, slender, peeled, at least eighteen feet long and preferably not over three inches in diameter at the butt. Select the three strongest poles and lash them together at a point fifteen feet from the large ends with one end of a piece of one quarter inch rope about twenty feet long. Set up these three in the form of a tripod, allowing the extra rope to hang down. Lay aside your next strongest pole for a lifting



*This tipi shows a round door-opening; the smoke poles are inserted in flaps. It was built by Ralph Hubbard and Julian Salomon*

pole, and the two lightest for smoke poles. All the others should be set up around the tripod in such a manner that their butts form a circle thirteen or fourteen feet in diameter. A space should be left for the lifting pole on the back (western) side. (Indian tipis were set up facing the east so that the prevailing westerly winds could not blow directly down the smoke hole. Then, too, they probably liked to have the morning sun shine in through their doorways.) Take the loose end of the one quarter inch rope and by walking around outside the poles wind all of them together, and then, bringing the rope down, make it fast to a stake driven firmly into the ground just inside and at the back of the circle of poles.

Slide the lifting pole under the tipi cover until the butt is even with the edge, and tie the short rope attached to the throat piece to the pole. Roll up the tipi cover and lift it into place at the back of the tipi. Spread the cover around the poles and lace up the front. Go inside and move the butts of all the poles outward little by little until the cover is stretched taut.

Tie cross pieces about the size of lacing pins to the smoke poles (a little experimenting will locate the correct point), insert the smoke poles in the smoke flaps, peg down  
(Continued on page 46)

*Lacing together the front of the tipi with the lacing pins. Next the poles will be spread to take up the slack. This picture and the one below were taken at Camp Edith Macy*



*Lifting the tipi cover into place. Notice the lifting pole and the other poles which are of balsam from the Adirondacks. Indians of the plains sometimes traveled hundreds of miles for good poles*

# Our Pioneer

Real Indian tipi decorated with a manner of birds and beasts and stars—symbols of the North American tribes—spring up among the big trees where Girl Scouts are camping.



This eleven-foot tipi was made by Golden Eagles of the Dixie region at their camp at Dismals, in Alabama.

In the winter—why worry about the cold? See how the warmth from the fire has melted the snow on the upper part of the tipi, save where the poles inside have protected the canvas from the heat.



In the summer the heat of the sun. Girl of Dixie Camp sets the heat on the flap—sign of the foot.



# er Campers

*These busy squaws  
are Girl Scouts of  
Camp Juniper  
Knoll, Wisconsin,  
making moccasins  
before the door of  
their own tipi*



*"Of course we can  
build a tipi and  
decorate it, too,"  
said the Girl Scouts  
at Camp Andrée  
last summer, and  
here is one artist, in  
the picture above,  
at work with  
paint and brush*

*The Andrée tipi  
with the design  
almost finished—  
what good work-  
manship these  
girls put into it,  
and how beautiful  
it was you can  
judge by the pic-  
ture shown below*



*And when the tipi  
was at last com-  
pleted, it made a  
lovely setting for  
"The Gray Goose  
Feather," given  
in honor of re-  
turning delegates  
to the Interna-  
tional Camp*



**C**AMPING doesn't mean only hiking and swimming and stunts. It means doing things with your hands, too—interesting things like basket-making, weaving, painting, spatter work and wood-carving. Think of the Christmas and birthday presents you can make, and of the good times you can have sitting under a spreading tree in the woods or at the camp work-bench creating lovely and unusual articles that are useful as well as beautiful!

#### **Purses and baskets— In Oklahoma and Alaska**

If you happened to be at the camp of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Girl Scouts on Elk River, you might have learned to make a colorful purse of raffia. Martha Belle Stablein and some of her tipi-mates have beauties which they wove according to their own designs, of green and rose and blue raffia that they dyed themselves. Martha Belle's is especially nice because the pattern matches the pattern on a scarf she submitted for her Craftsman's Badge.

Or, if you went to camp as far north as Alaska and met some of the Girl Scouts of Fairbanks, they would probably teach you their favorite handicraft—the making of birch-bark baskets, just like the baskets the Indians used to make long ago. Of course, the bark should be cut only from dead trees, or from dead limbs of living trees, so that the birches will not be injured, and you have to select just the right sort of pliable willow boughs for binding the baskets. Some of the Fairbanks girls made birch-bark drinking cups, too, that were very useful to take when they went on hiking trips into the woods.



**Pine Grove  
Camp of Har-  
risburg, Penn-  
sylvania, turns  
out hammocks  
by the dozen**

**These archers  
at the Tulsa,  
Oklahoma, Girl  
Scout camp  
make their own  
implements**

## Where Girl Scouts

*Busy camp days, with basketry, bow and arrow  
—you always have such fun making things, and*

#### **Dyed ties at Toledo's camp— And totem poles at Juniper Knoll**

When the Girl Scouts from Toledo, Ohio, at Camp Segur, decided that green was to be their color, they made green lanyards and little green rings to wear on their ties. The ties themselves, they cut from unbleached muslin, dyed in rainbow style according to the colors of their patrol insignia. All the dyeing was done over an out-of-doors fire, and the results were really lovely.

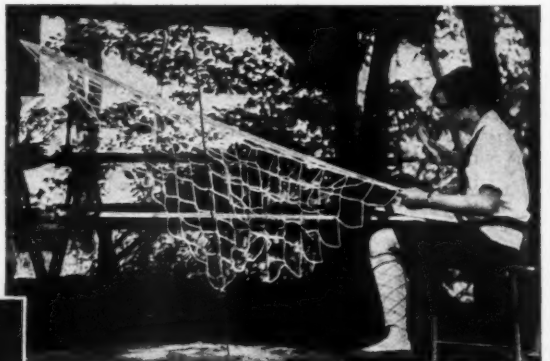
The Sunny Ridge Brownies at Camp Juniper Knoll, of the Chicago Girl Scouts, made a totem pole in the form of a brown toadstool, on which was kept a record of each of the three patrols that dwelt in Sunny Ridge during each of the five two-week camp sessions. The toadstool stood about two feet high and a sun, symbol of Sunny Ridge, occupied the center, with its rays separating the record of each patrol.

"Each day," writes Pearl De La Bar, "each patrol could attain a point for each of the following: perfect taps, reveille, personal inspection, tent inspection, rest hour and punctuality. Through the magic of the Brownies there

appeared every day a small colored toadstool painted on the totem, showing how many points each patrol had gained. A blue toadstool meant that the patrol had won all six points, a yellow one meant five points, a red meant four, a black, three, and a green indicated something especially nice done by a patrol."

#### **Fireless cookers in Michigan— The girls made them themselves!**

A fireless cooker sounds like a complicated piece of machinery, but the girls at the Pontiac, Michigan Girl Scout camp didn't find them especially hard to make. And they were so useful when they were finished! Prunes, apricots, stew, soup, cereal can be cooked really well in them. Some of the leaders and girls were so impressed with the convenience of the cookers at camp, that



they made them to use at home, too. And here's how they were constructed. You may want to make one yourself.

A small tin can, large enough to hold a regular fireless cooker dish was placed inside a large tin lard can. The space between the inside and outside cans was packed with newspaper or excelsior, and a layer of asbestos was wrapped around the smaller can. The packing was covered at the top with oilcloth, tucked down firmly so that no heat could escape. Small round heated soapstones



# Pitch Their Tents

*making, and all sorts of fascinating handicrafts how nice they are to remember camp by in the winter*

were put inside under and over the smaller can when the cooker was in use, and a cushion was placed beneath the tightly fitting cover of the lard can to keep the small can, which held the food and was also tightly covered, as warm as possible.

## An Indian Long House— Built at Camp Bonnie Brae

At Camp Bonnie Brae in Massachusetts they have a motto, "Something out of nothing," and they live up to it, too. The largest project they have carried out is a Long House built for the Indian Camp and finished in three weeks time. It is made of slabs, ten by sixteen feet, and the foundation material is old boards found about camp. The uprights were cut in the woods, and so were the maple saplings on which the rustic gate is swung. The gate and turnstile were the final work of the season.

And speaking of houses, the girls at Camp Dellwood of Indianapolis, Indiana, have made furniture that any house might be proud of. Washstands, tables, and shelves are some of the useful articles that they have worked on, to say nothing of boxes and bulletin boards. Dellwood seems very fond of handicraft, for we hear of wren houses and baskets being made in a shady spot by a tiny stream that wanders through the camp. The girls do blue prints and brush pictures and spatter work, too, in their nature classes.

## More handicraft going on— In scores of other camps

There is almost no end to the things Girl Scouts make at camp. And such nice things, too! The girls of Binghamton, New York, have been busy with hammocks, yarn dolls and tie-dying. They make hammocks, too, at the Pine Grove Camp of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and at the camp of the Brooklyn, New York, Girl Scouts. The girls in Camp Walleila of Savannah, Georgia,

are also making hammocks as well as carving from cedar wood. Basketry is a favorite pastime at Rock Hill Camp in Westchester County, New York, and at the Milwaukee, Wisconsin camp.

In Camp Civitania of Atlanta, Georgia, they are making camp signs. The girls at Holmwood, Atascadero, California, have some unique dolls which they have made from kelp—kelp belongs to the seaweed family, you know. They have carved the weirdest sort of faces out of the bulb-like parts and have left some of the dolls with long tresses and given others the latest bobs.

Leather pocketbooks of original design are very popular at the Buffalo, New York, camp. In Camp o' the Hills, of Sioux City, Iowa, spoons, forks and bowls show what the girls can do in woodcarving; lanyard belts are gay and festive, and oilcloth pillows make attractive gifts at Christmas. Their designs are of nature motifs, original with each girl. The pillows are stuffed with the dry grass found at camp, and sewed with raffia. And the girls of Camp Margaret Townsend, of Knoxville, Tennessee, are working hard at crêpe paper costumes for a crêpe paper party. This

certainly is handicraft of one kind, isn't it? And they are great fun for stunt night.

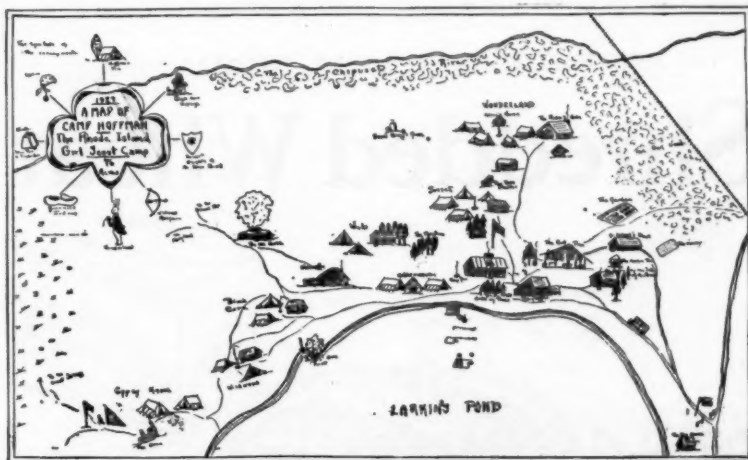
## Handicraft and archery— At some camps they go together

Archery has become very popular at many camps. The Girl Scout Campster, of Butte, Montana, says, "By far the newest and greatest favorite among camp sports is archery," and Camp Tecumseh, of the Cincinnati, Ohio Girl Scouts, reports a great eagerness among the girls to learn good form and to cultivate a steady aim. Camp Merritt girls of East Hartland, Connecticut, like it, too, because it is good exercise and helps graceful posture, besides being lots of fun.

And sometimes, as at the Tulsa, Oklahoma camps at Rogers Kemp and Parthenia Park, it goes shoulder to shoulder with handicraft. For the girls have taken to making their own bows and arrows, just as Robin Hood's men did in Sherwood Forest. It is rather intricate to do, but it is a satisfaction to a really good marksman to have a set made by herself. In Tulsa, they use lemon wood to make their six foot bows, which have tips of deer horn. They made quivers from old inner tubings, painted with shellac.

With archery tournaments in such widely separated places as Camp Encina of the Santa Barbara, California, Girl Scouts, Camp Standish of the Brockton, Massachusetts girls and Camp Chica-

(Continued on page 40)



No one need ever get lost at Camp Hoffman, for this map, made by the girls, is a real guide





## It's more than a matter of skill

IT takes practice and training to be a leader in athletics. And you can't keep constantly at anything unless you feel well. Girl Scout leaders, like great athletes carefully watch their food. It must supply nourishment and energy, yet be easily and thoroughly digestible.

healthful food element in a pleasant tasty form. You'll like its crisp, toasted shreds. It is especially good with berries or sliced peaches. Start the Shredded Wheat habit and keep well!

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

# Shredded Wheat



Have you always wanted a mandarin coat, or a lovely beach robe?—

## Off the Springboard!

(Continued from page 23)  
rolls the whole length. After practicing a little, you will be surprised to find how easy it is.

### Riding a Bicycle

Lie on your right side in the water, with knees and hips flexed, and use your right arm as a sort of paddle. Move your legs in a pedaling motion, pushing the water away. This sends the body round and round in a circle, the head leading. Do it first in one direction, then turn on the other side and do it in the other. The faster you go the more fun it is.

### Singing Under Water

Use an overturned canoe, tub or pail. Get your head up into the air space and sing. If you are starting a program with this stunt, have the singers under the tub before the audience arrives, and everyone will wonder where the singing is coming from.

### Somersault

For a forward somersault, double up, drop your head forward and paddle with your hands. To go backward, double up, throw your head back and paddle with your hands. Somersaults are more effective when three or four are done at once.

### Back Roll

Lie on your back with your head thrown back and your back arched. Work your arms in a circular movement and your body will describe a backward circle.

### Hunt the Chips

Strew a number of chips about the size of a quarter on the bottom of the pool. The winner is the person who brings up the greatest number of chips in one dive. This may be done in clear water at camp, but it is better in a pool.

### Balloon Race

Each contestant stands with a balloon on the water in front of her. She must swim a certain distance pushing the balloon with her nose. Of course, as soon as the water is roughed up a bit it becomes very amusing trying to follow the balloon.

### Straw Hat Race

Another good stunt is for each contestant to jump into the water, feet first, with a loose straw or felt hat on her head. If the hat comes off, she must get under it and replace it without touching it with her hands—then swim to the finish. Sometimes it is quite a stunt to get the hat back on the head, but it really requires more patience than skill to accomplish it.

## The Masked Rider

(Continued from page 16)

top. Do you think I can help you?"

"You sure can!" the old showman blurted out, looking positively happy for the first time in many weeks. "I'll be honest with you. I'm a square-shooter, my girl. You have a marvelous act—just what I've been wanting."

"Very well, then," said Winnie Arnold, "it's settled—I'm engaged. And now I'm going to ask something of you."

"Shoot!"

"I don't want to be asked any more questions about myself," the girl told him. "If I'm a drawing card with your circus, it doesn't make any difference who I am, or where I came from. I intend to wear a black mask over the upper part of my face while performing my act, and I want you to bill me as 'The Masked Rider'."

Mr. Cooper's round blue eyes blinked. This strange young person was springing one surprise after another.

"Am I to understand that you don't want your name in big type on the show bills and circus programs?" he boomed. He had never heard of such a remarkable request before.

Winnie nodded her head and smiled. "That's the idea, Mr. Cooper," she replied. "Your audiences will wonder who I am. Let 'em wonder. It will create a lot of interest, won't it?"

Mr. Cooper was too thorough a showman not to appreciate the value of the plan for advertising purposes.

"The Masked Rider." He rolled the words over on his tongue, as if weighing them carefully. Then he slapped one fat hand down on his knee and exclaimed: "A mighty good idea! It'll be as you want it, Miss Winnie Arnold—or whoever you are. From now on to the end of the season, 'The Masked Rider' will be the bill-topper of Cooper's Colossal Circus!"

Winnie Arnold's sensational bareback riding act fulfilled all expectations, and the Cooper show was soon on the way to recoup its losses. The big top was packed at every performance, and the great drawing card was the girl in the black mask. "When you arouse the curiosity of the people, you've got 'em!" proclaimed the advertising man exultantly.

Nor was it the curiosity of the public only that was aroused. The circus folks themselves, from Mr. Cooper down to the most lowly "razorback," who toiled at loading and unloading the circus cars, were at their wits' ends to account for the "unknown star from nowhere," as Sam Parks termed her. However, everybody refrained from attempts to solve the problem. Mr. Cooper, being a "square-shooter," as he liked to call himself, had issued strict orders that the new headliner was not to be annoyed with questions regarding her personal affairs, and Winnie Arnold's co-workers knew that these orders must be obeyed.

Mr. Cooper was elated over his change of luck. He called Winnie his "little lifesaver," and did everything in his power to make her stay with the circus a pleasant experience.

"Have you ever seen another rider like her—except Poodles Hanneford?"

demanded Sam Parks of Mr. Cooper.

"Yes, I have!" exclaimed the old showman. "My old partner, Eddie Wills."

"Eddie Wills," repeated the equestrian director. "He was almost before my time. Oh, yes—I recall him now. This used to be the Wills-Cooper show."

"That's right," said Mr. Cooper. "Eddie Wills and I split up twenty years ago. We couldn't get along together—he was too blamed temperamental. Always wanting things his own way. We had a fuss and I bought him out. I've never seen him since he left me in a huff. I heard he got married and settled down somewhere in the South. Went into farming, I think."

"You say he was a great performer?"

"The best of his time—I'll say that much for him."

"And you've never even heard from him since you broke up the partnership?"

"Yes—I did hear from him just once. I got a letter from him a couple o' years ago, offering to patch up our old quarrel. Maybe I ought to have answered it, but I didn't."

"And you mean to tell me that, as a performer, Eddie Wills was in the same class with Poodles Hanneford?" asked Sam Parks.

"Positively," replied the circus owner.

"There have been just two great bareback riders who have stood at the head of all the rest—Poodles Hanneford of the present day and Eddie Wills of twenty years ago."

"What about this youngster we have with us now?" Sam Parks demanded. "Where does she come in?"

Mr. Cooper scratched his head where the hair should have been, but wasn't. "I'll say she's not very far behind those two top-notchers," he proclaimed, emphatically.

The circus season was fast nearing its finish. The Cooper show had completed its engagements in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and, with the arrival of autumn, had wended its way down into the mild climate of the Carolinas. With the mysterious masked rider as the magnet, business had continued to flourish in a way that was gratifying to everybody connected with the show.

The closing week was to be spent in several small towns of northern Georgia. As the long circus train journeyed through the night to the first of these stands, Mr. Cooper and Winnie Arnold sat together in the compartment of the coach reserved for the business staff.

"I've sent for you, Miss Arnold, so that we could have a little personal chat," Mr. Cooper explained. "Another week and the season will be over. I want to know if you're coming back with us next spring."

"No, Mr. Cooper. I'm not going to return," Winnie answered. "I've accomplished what I set out to do, and I have other plans for next summer."

Mr. Cooper looked very much perturbed. "I s'pose that means you're to sign up with another show," he said moodily.

(Continued on page 32)

NEXT BEST TO

## New DRESSES

are dresses that come from the tub with colors looking like new! And because Fels-Naptha Soap works so well in cool water, you can wash summer frocks beautifully. In the cool water, and the gentle Fels-Naptha suds, the colors stay in, but the dirt comes out!

Fels-Naptha brings the extra help of good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, combined by our special process. Working together, the naptha and rich, soapy suds dissolve the dirt, and wash it away. They take the place of hard rubbing! Ask mother to get Fels-Naptha at the grocer's.

## FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR  
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



## Every "Up-to-Date" Girl Plays the Harmonica

VACATION days aren't half so much fun unless you can pull out a harmonica and show the crowd how you can play—or join with the other girls in harmonizing the latest popular songs as well as the old-time melodies.

Everybody plays the harmonica now—that is, everybody who is up-to-date. Don't be the exception.

Send today for the free instruction book which will show you in pictures how you can learn to play the harmonica in an amazingly short time. A penny postcard will bring it free by return mail. Do it NOW before you forget!

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INSTRUCTION  
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Well, you can make one! Helen Perry Curtis tells how in August

## Oh, What a Portable!!

The Loudest and Clearest Portable Phonograph in the World—Just the thing for Hiking Parties, Camping, Canoeing, as well as Indoor Recreation.



**WOULDN'T** you like to own one? Sturdily built, light in weight, compact and embodying a new unique principle of sound amplification and music reproduction—loud, very loud and clear. To reduce volume, use soft-tone needles. Just the portable to have with you for real enjoyment of your favorite records while on an outing, be it by hiking, auto, railway or steamship. It is found a real pal, go where you will, on hunting, fishing, camping or canoeing trips. Ideal for the seaside or summer bungalow.

The "Serpentine" is a de luxe portable, not only an ornament in any room, in any home, anywhere, but in phonograph music rendition, the peerless instrument.

It is supreme for dances and parties. In actual performance its vigorous thrust of volume and the clarity and rhythm of the music is well sustained above the rustle and bustle of a throng of merrymakers, even in a large hall. It brings to young folk the kind of music in which they revel. Grown-ups, too, derive supreme pleasure from the music of their choice. No one now need be without real portable phonograph music such as only the incomparable "Serpentine" instrument can deliver when, where and as you want it. Will play your OLD records almost as loudly as the new electric records.

[[ The sturdily made record container which  
you remove from the inside of lid, while  
playing, will hold fifteen or more records. ]]

ATTACHED TO ANY RADIO WITH A RADIO-PHONOGRAPH UNIT, THE "SERPENTINE" PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH SURPASSES ANY OTHER LOUD SPEAKER, HORN OR CONE IN BEAUTY OF MUSIC

The regular price for this Portable is \$25. In order to introduce it to the Girl Scouts, we are allowing a special discount of 20%, making the price \$20. This Portable is unconditionally guaranteed by the manufacturer. Send remittance direct to manufacturer—the Portable will be delivered prepaid.

### ASTRAL RADIO CORPORATION

1812 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Masked Rider

(Continued from page 31)

"Oh no, it doesn't," said the girl. "It means I'm going to attend a summer school in New York."

Mr. Cooper heaved a sigh of regret. "I haven't the right to ask you to change your mind," he said, "but I want to tell you that next season I'll be in a position to pay you what you're worth, and I'll give you—"

He never finished the sentence. At that instant, the train began to slow down, and then, with a grinding and shrieking of the brakes, it came to a dead stop. Mr. Cooper was on his feet in an instant, knowing that something unusual had happened.

"Fire!—fire!"

The ominous exclamation rang out in the night air.

The old showman's face lost its ruddiness. The girl's heart seemed to stop.

"Come with me!" cried Mr. Cooper grasping her by the arm. They rushed to the door. Everybody stepped aside to allow the circus proprietor and the star rider to be the first ones to leave the car. In another moment Mr. Cooper and Winnie were on the ground beside the railroad tracks. The sight that met their eyes was one of great excitement and confusion. Men and women—some of them in bath-ropes hastily flung on over their night clothes—were piling out of the sleeping cars in a state of panic.

Far up ahead the sky was red with the glare of the conflagration. A spark from the engine had settled in a flat-car carrying the canvas and full equipment of the "cook tent," and the draught from the train's progress had started the flame on its destructive way. If the train moved on, with its consequent pressure of air, the entire train would be on fire.

The old showman took in the situation at a glance, "Just one thing to do!" he exclaimed, and started forward, running as fast as his short, stout legs could travel. Winnie followed close at his heels. She was surprised to see that the veteran circus man could cover ground so rapidly. But just as he reached the burning car he stumbled and fell heavily. With a cry of dismay, Winnie made an effort to assist him to his feet, but he sank back to a sitting position, his face twisted with pain.

"I've sprained an ankle," he said, grimly. "Take my orders, Winnie, and shout 'em out at the top of your voice."

And Winnie *did* shout out the orders just as fast as they were given to her. "Uncouple that burning car at both ends!" she cried. "I'm speaking for Mr. Cooper!"

Rushing "razorbacks" and men of the big top gang responded promptly. The flaming flat-car was quickly separated from the rest of the train.

"Send for the work elephants!" shouted the girl. "Get out the steel cables! Lasso the burning car!"

Then, in response to an order from Mr. Cooper, she called, "Hook the elephants to the cables!"

The elephant men urged the huge beasts into position. There was a moment of straining against the taut strand

(Continued on page 35)

Picnics! The word means trips to the country, good times—and food—



## Miss Pendleton's Kindness

(Continued from page 9)

It has been said that the way of the transgressor is hard—of course, that is afterwards. Nancy was to find that out.

At the end of July Miss Pendleton decided rather suddenly to go to New York to a midsummer convention of the Scribes of America. "My manuscript's ready to mail—I might as well go. Will you take it down and mail it for me, Nancy?" she asked.

Miss Pendleton returned from the convention in high spirits. They had let her use fifteen minutes telling them about the new story. They'd been very interested.

She did not notice that Nancy grew a little pale as she told her about it.

They established themselves at a little hotel built high on a rocky shore. Nancy swam twice a day, prowled around the coves, and was as happy as any young thing could be with a weight like lead on her conscience.

They had been there a week when Miss Pendleton received a letter which she read through with obvious annoyance. "I must go home. Mr. Jones has written that he wants to see me. It's something about that manuscript."

Nancy's heart sank to her toes. Mr. Jones was the managing editor of Miss Pendleton's publishing house. He had visited Miss Pendleton before. Nancy remembered the importance of that occasion.

Nancy was in her room when Mr. Jones rang the doorbell. She heard his taxi whirl away. She tiptoed to the head of the stairs. Miss Pendleton was taking him into the library.

If she went very softly to the seat at the stair-landing she might overhear a little of their conversation. It wasn't exactly eavesdropping, she argued against her instinctive dislike of such a thing. Anyway, it was all a part of what she was trying to do to help Clare.

They were talking of the weather. Mr. Jones had a big booming voice—Nancy could have heard it even in her own room.

"I'm sorry you had to make this trip."

"I am glad to make it, Miss Pendleton. I want to share, first-hand, your amusement. There is something a little startling in your manuscript of which I think you are unaware. Someone appears to have collaborated with you—"

Nancy heard Miss Pendleton's incredulous exclamation.

"It may be a joke. I daresay one of your young people has played it. But it's interesting. Fact is, it injects a real punch into your story—I am going to suggest that you give it serious consideration. You always like my frank criticism. This story is good—better than your last one—but your boy and girl in it aren't flesh and blood stuff. They don't stand by themselves—they're *you*. I think what we middle-aged folks must recognize is that their way sometimes is the best way. You've got to strike the modern note—"

"I don't think I quite grasp what you're talking about, Mr. Jones." Miss Pendleton's voice was a little sharp. There

was a short interval of dead silence.

"Read this." And Nancy caught an unmistakable chuckle in the man's voice.

It is not an exaggeration to write that at this point Nancy Page prayed. She needed prayer of some sort. Retribution was coming swiftly down on her head.

On feet that were as heavy as lead she crept back to her room. She looked about it, mechanically opened one of her bureau drawers and began to take out its contents. She would have to go somewhere, of course. Miss Pendleton would never forgive her. Now she saw what she had done as a colossal impudence.

She'd been a fool, crazy, to think those pages over which she had toiled would move Miss Pendleton to anything but righteous indignation.

"Miss Pendleton wants you to come downstairs." It was Julia, the maid, at the door.

Nancy walked bravely down to meet her Nemesis. After all, even though it failed, she'd done it for Clare.

Mr. Jones sprang up at her entrance, smiling broadly. Miss Pendleton stood up, too, but she did not smile. In her hand she was holding the fateful sheets of white paper. Chapter Twenty. Nancy remembered every extravagant word as if each had been written on her brain. She had shed tears over them in the making, so vivid for her had been the picture of Clare escaping from the plans that would keep him from his beloved music, living in a garret, half-starving, that he might go on with his lessons, practicing at night because during the day he toiled in a cotton mill—something of the vividness of it came back to her now.

"How do you do, Miss Nancy," Mr. Jones was saying, when Miss Pendleton cut in. "Nancy, is this rubbish yours?"

"Now really, Miss Pendleton," Mr. Jones protested, but Miss Pendleton did not notice it.

"Yes," Nancy managed to answer.

"How did you dare?"

"I—I hated doing it. I—I wanted to—help Clare."

"Help him!" Miss Pendleton stared. Nancy's chin lifted.

"It's all true—what I wrote. He'd rather do anything than give up his music lessons." But it sounded so silly that poor Nancy faltered at arguing against what Miss Pendleton "thought best."

There was an ominous silence. Nancy kept her eyes on the tea table which Julia had put next to Miss Pendleton.

"Nancy, please look at me." Miss Pendleton's voice was a little uncertain. Nancy turned her eyes slowly. To her astonishment she found Miss Pendleton's eyes filled with tears. Had it hurt her so much that she had violated that precious manuscript? She had the real Chapter Twenty in her desk and could get it.

"Nancy—why didn't Clare tell me? Why didn't you come to me?"

"Because—because—we couldn't. I didn't dare and Clare couldn't. He tried to—but you were too—too kind. And you—always—always—know best."

(Continued on page 34)



**GIRLS..**  
if you want  
pretty hands,  
wash dishes!

**B**ETTY says she "can't abide" doing the dishes—it makes her hands look horrid!

Now beauty experts have good news for Betty and all other girls!

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\* Mrs. Pearl Ecker Hubbell



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for less than  
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## Miss Pendleton's Kindness

(Continued from page 33)

At that Mr. Jones interrupted with a laugh. "Didn't I tell you, my dear author?"

With a swift gesture Miss Pendleton took up the entire manuscript and tossed it into the empty woodbox next to the fire-place.

"I won't write another word until I've learned how to win at least the confidence of young people. Nancy, please pour out some tea."

It was a hideous punishment, to have to sit in a chair and sip iced tea and nibble on cheese wafers that choked her.

The dinner was harder for the girl, with all the extra nice food and the punctilious conversation and Mr. Jones secretly smiling at her.

At nine o'clock, Mr. Jones departed. He actually squeezed Nancy's icy hand. "Send me some more of your work—in about five years, Miss Page," he said.

With the publisher gone, Nancy knew her hour had struck. She wanted it so, wanted it over. Miss Pendleton led the way toward her own little workroom at the end of the hall.

Nancy entered on leaden feet. She had repaid Miss Pendleton's repeated kindnesses by this wicked deceit. There wasn't anything she didn't deserve. And it wasn't going to help Clare.

Miss Pendleton had gone to the window and stood there staring out into the fading twilight, while Nancy waited with downcast eyes for her to speak. When she did speak her voice was so heavy with anger that it struck Nancy with the pain of a physical blow.

"I'm very angry, Nancy."

"Of course she is!" Nancy thought.

"I'm very angry," Miss Pendleton repeated. "To have a little thing like you put—what did that man call it—the punch in my story! When I've toiled on the thing for months."

"Why, of course I've been very kind to you! I was only paying for what I had to have. Your youth. It seemed a cheap bargain. And it wasn't any bargain

at all! I only fooled myself. Can't you see how angry I am?"

"I'm sorry—" Nancy faltered.

"What have you to be sorry about? I'm not angry at you, child. It's at myself. I've let my opportunity go by!"

Nancy gasped. She felt a little giddy. Were her ears playing tricks on her? But now Miss Pendleton had her hands.

"But, Nancy, can't we make a bargain?"

Nancy wanted more than anything else to cry, but she laughed instead, for Miss Pendleton was laughing softly, shakily. "There won't be any of my silly kindness in this bargain, but frankness. The first thing we must write, of course, is a letter to Clare to tell him to come home, that we have plans to talk over with him. Then, too, I must know what wish lies at your heart that I have not known."

But Nancy had no wish at her command! For weeks she had wanted only this that had been so beautifully fulfilled. Yet she must think of something!

"Why—why—a pink dress!" she cried.

### The Collaborator

Of course, you will want to know about Mrs. Abbott's collaborator in this story. She is Evelyn Preston of Detroit, and this is the way her order for this story read:

"Can you imagine a wealthy and aristocratic spinster, who receives the nods and smiles of her publishers. No wonder, for she is a well-known authoress. Yet of late her stories have not been so quaintly charming as of yore, and her publisher tells her it is because she does not know young people. Very reluctantly Miss Pendleton invites two children to visit her."

"Thus it was that Clare Richards met Nancy Page. Both are talented young people. Clare loves his violin and his heart's desire is to study with one of the great masters. Nancy's one wish is that Clare may have his cherished lessons. But Miss Pendleton refuses to give any money toward the project."

Evelyn is fourteen and she loves books and music. She hopes some day to write stories herself, and to play the piano, too.

## Anyone Can Make It

(Continued from page 17)

a quarter of an inch below the edge of the material. Make the corners square and neat, by pinning them first and changing them until they are exactly right. Then baste the band on and very carefully hem down the corners and around the outer edge. Then turn the blouse wrong side out, turn under the rough edge of material at the neck, and hem it down to the band. Press it all carefully again. This finishes the blouse.

If you wear a larger size than fourteen, before you start cutting your pattern, measure your length from shoulder to the line where you want the bottom of your blouse to come, and make your blouse wide enough so that it will be four inches larger than your bust measure. To get your sleeve length, measure your arm from neck to wrist and figure out on your pattern how much of that measurement will be in the shoulder of

your blouse and how much in your sleeves. If you find it difficult to cut direct from the material, make a pattern of brown paper, or cut yourself a trial blouse from an old sheet. This you can baste up and experiment with before you cut into your good material.

Now that your dress is done, you can leave it plain, or you may want to add some embroidery. The dress shown is embroidered in a flower design. The flower illustrated is exactly one-half the size you will want yours. By putting three of these flowers together in a nice arrangement, you can make an interesting bouquet at the left hand side of your blouse. You can apply the design with tracing paper and fill in with three or four little leaves where they look best. There is one flower on the middle of each sleeve about four inches up from the cuff. It is easier to embroider the sleeves before the blouse is made up.

Jean and Jasey, twins, live a wild, adventurous sort of life—

## The Masked Rider

(Continued from page 32)

of steel, another moment of racking labor, and then, with a creaking roar, the blazing flat-car went tumbling down the embankment, with sparks and embers scattering in every direction.

The cook-tent and all its equipment were forever ruined, but the rest of the circus was saved!

Mr. Cooper, still sitting beside the railroad track, gazed at the chain of cars that had escaped damage, and drew a long breath. Then he looked up at Winnie, and despite the pain that his injury was causing him, actually smiled.

"Well, it's tough to lose the cook outfit, but think what *might* have happened!" he said, philosophically. "We managed it all pretty well—you and I."

"You're not hurt badly, are you, Uncle Jim?" Winnie inquired.

Mr. Cooper stared at her. "Uncle Jim!" he repeated.

"That's what I was taught to call you," the girl said, quietly.

"You were taught to call me 'Uncle Jim!'" exclaimed the circus man. And then, unable any longer to restrain his curiosity, he demanded: "Who, in the name of goodness, are you, anyway?"

"I'm Eddie Wills," she answered.

"EDDIE WILLS!" bellowed Mr. Cooper.

"Eddie Wills the Second," amended the girl. "My full name is Edwina Arnold Wills. Most of my school friends call me 'Winnie', but my father has always called me 'Eddie'—after himself."

"And he sent you to me!" Mr. Cooper seemed to be in a sort of daze.

"He sent me to you when he heard that your show was on the verge of failure. Dad has trained me, on our farm in Virginia, ever since I was a youngster. He never intended me for circus life, but taught me everything he knew about bareback riding just for his own amusement—and for mine."

As the old showman listened, he appeared to be undergoing an inward struggle. He was silent for a moment, then he blurted out:

"Eddie Wills and I have been enemies for twenty years! Why should he do me a favor of any kind?"

"You are *not* enemies, Uncle Jim," the girl replied. "My father has only the kindest feeling for you. He knew your pride wouldn't allow you to accept money from him, and so he did the next best thing—sent me to help you build up the business."

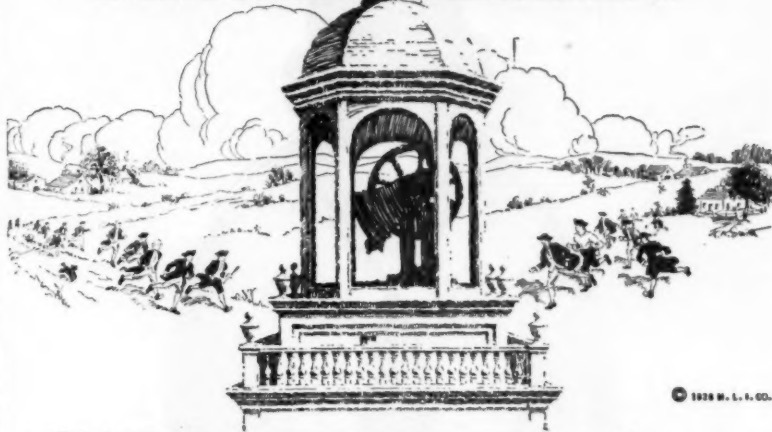
Veteran showman that he was, hardened by all the trials and tribulations of circus life, Mr. Cooper was moved. His round blue eyes watered.

"You'll make it up with Dad, now, won't you, Uncle Jim?" begged Winnie. "Make up with him!" exclaimed Mr. Cooper, in a voice that was somewhat husky. "I'll say so! Eddie Wills is a nobleman!"

Eddie Wills the Second, with a joyous little shriek, bent forward and gave the astonished old man a hug.

And Mr. James J. Cooper said the only thing he *could* say, under such circumstances. "Well, I'll be horns-woggled!"

## Another Headache



© 1928 W. L. G. Co.

"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying a message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

### What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

Indigestion  
Fatigue  
Impure air  
Eye-strain  
Nose or sinus trouble  
Infected teeth  
Incorrect posture  
Infectious and contagious diseases  
Nervous disorders  
Emotional strain  
Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder  
Intestinal difficulties  
Foot trouble  
And many other abnormal conditions

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause of your headache. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-X.

Haley Fiske, President.

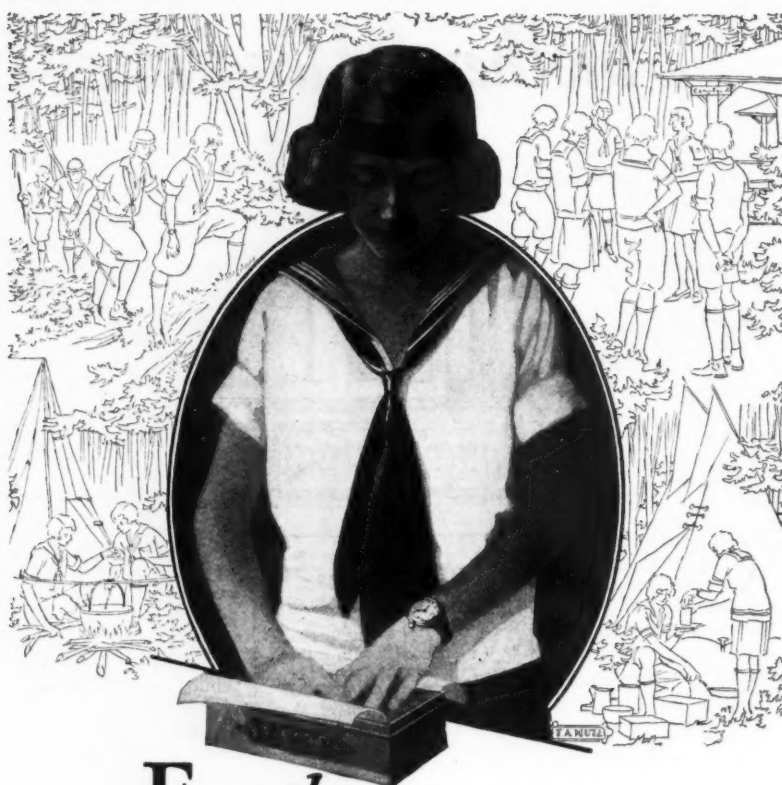


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# Ingersoll

INGERSOLL WATCH COMPANY, Inc.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco

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## "Will You Have an Ice?"

(Continued from page 19)

apricot ice. I couldn't possibly choose between them, so the only way out is to give you the recipes for both.

### Apricot Ice

2 cups sugar  
1 quart water  
juice of one orange (may be omitted)  
juice of ½ lemon  
1 quart canned apricots

Make a syrup of the sugar and water and cool. Put the apricots through a sieve. Add the pulp to the syrup, then put in the lemon juice and orange juice. Freeze and pack. Allow it to stand one hour before serving.

For the ices, I am giving you recipes that make two quarts or more, instead of the slightly-over-a-quart of last month's more filling ice creams.

The recipe for my other favorite—pineapple sherbet—may serve as a basis for all sherbets, just as the apricot ice may be a basis for all ices.

### Pineapple Sherbet

2 cups sugar  
2 tablespoons granulated gelatin soaked in ½ cup of water  
juice of four lemons  
1 quart water  
1 quart canned or shredded pineapple  
pineapple juice

Put the sugar and water in a saucepan and cook for five minutes. Add the soaked gelatin and stir until it is melted and well mixed. Instead of granulated gelatin and the juice of four lemons, you may use eight tablespoons of the prepared lemon gelatin. In this case, stir the gelatin into the hot syrup until it has melted, set it aside to cool, squeeze the lemons, if you are using them, and open the can of pineapple. Add these to the cool syrup, pour into the freezer can and freeze.

For grape sherbet, just use a quart of grape juice instead of the pineapple. For peach sherbet, use a quart of crushed peach pulp or a quart of the juice of the fruit. A quart of strawberry pulp, the juice of two lemons instead of four, and a little less sugar, makes a delicious strawberry sherbet.

I want to give you two more recipes for ices, cranberry ice and orange ice. I am putting in cranberry ice because it will be good later in the year to serve with your Thanksgiving turkey instead of the usual cranberry jelly.

### Cranberry Ice

1 quart cranberries  
2 cups water  
2 cups sugar  
juice of two lemons

Cook the berries and water for ten minutes and rub them through a sieve. Add the sugar and lemon juice and mix until the sugar is dissolved. Freeze.

*With swinging gait he came up the lane—and Jinney knew him for a sailor—*

## Old Man Jinx—and Phoebe

(Continued from page 22)

"There is a way out," she insisted soberly. "It's the most sensible way out too. I'll stay at home next year, get a job typewriting at fifteen dollars a week and earn enough in one year to take care of my three hundred and tens for two years of college."

"Oh Phoebe!" All the light faded from Mother Darling's face. "Then you wouldn't be sophomore president and you couldn't go on with your class."

"If you say it fast enough, it doesn't seem to matter," Phoebe declared.

"I know how much it does matter. It's the loveliest thing that has happened to you. I cannot bear to have you give it up."

Having made what seemed an inevitable decision, Phoebe tried to consider the matter as closed and to think of other things. Unluckily, the bunch of letters which arrived next day were full of plans for sophomore year which Phoebe was expected to share or to lead. When Mrs. Ammidon came over in the afternoon to chat with Mrs. Darling, Phoebe took the letters out to the hill pasture to answer. Somehow she must make the girls understand once for all.

The June sun was pouring down on the green slope. Phoebe reached out a hand to crunch some sweet fern for the pungent odor. As she did so, she noted idly that the blueberry bushes near by were unusually full of half-ripe fruit. It was evidently going to be a "blueberry year."

A little later Phoebe was tearing down the hillside with a wild whoop that startled Mrs. Ammidon and Mrs. Darling. "Where's Mr. Ammidon?" she asked.

"There is a way—there is a way," she chanted, dancing about her mother. "I'm going back to college—on blueberries."

"Phoebe, my child," said her mother, "you sat too long in the sun without a hat!"

"But Mr. Ammidon didn't, and he thinks that I can do it. Just listen!"

Mr. Ammidon, like Phoebe, had observed that it was to be a blueberry year. The fruit would begin to ripen about July Fourth and last about two months. Mr. Ammidon estimated that the hill pasture would yield about seventy-five to a hundred bushels, or twenty-four hundred to thirty-two hundred quarts. The only expenses would be the crates, baskets, parcel post, and picking, perhaps nine and one-half cents a quart.

"When blueberries sell for as high as forty-five cents a quart sometimes at the beginning of the season!" marveled Mrs. Darling.

"That's retail," explained Phoebe, as if from large experience. "Wholesale, Mr. Ammidon says, I'd get from twenty-eight cents down to twelve cents. Prices vary from season to season. The more plentiful the berries, the less one gets. Now let's see—I'll split the difference between the top and bottom prices and see where I come out." Phoebe figured rapidly.

"If I could pick all the berries myself, my expenses would be only about three and one-half cents a quart and I could

make three hundred and ninety-seven dollars and a half. But I won't be able to pick but four hundred quarts."

"I should say not, with all you have to do!" declared her mother.

"A good steady picker can gather thirty quarts a day according to Mr. Ammidon. Six cents a quart is a fair price for picking. Say the pasture yields twenty-four hundred quarts and I pick four hundred of them. Um-m-m." Phoebe figured. Then I can make two hundred and seventy-seven dollars and a half on the hill pasture. That's not enough. Therefore I shall accept Mr. Ammidon's offer and pick from his pasture too."

"Phoebe," groaned her mother, "Where under the sun will you find people to pick two thousand quarts of blueberries?"

"Well, Peter'll be here before the Fourth if he continues not getting measles. Won't he be tickled to work toward the bicycle he wants?"

"And father when he comes in August for his vacation. And Mrs. Ammidon—farmers' wives don't have any too much ready cash round here. And the rest will be boys from the village."

"But where will you sell so many berries in this small community?"

"Oh I shan't try to sell them here. I expect Father to arrange with the big distributors in town to take them."

"Phoebe," demanded her mother, "have you any idea of the size of this scheme?"

"Business, not scheme, if you please."

"And you think you can run such a business?"

"Why not? The plan's all right, if only the bottom will stay in it. Mine have had a way of dropping out of late, but this one certainly seems secure."

Secure it remained, while Phoebe made all the preliminary arrangements. Father found distributors in town ready to take whatever berries Phoebe sent, provided the quality proved satisfactory. Crates and baskets were ordered, arrived, and were stored in the barn. Peter came, eager to begin work toward his coveted bicycle. Three boys from the village were engaged, who scorned the idea that they could pick only thirty quarts a day, and promised to gather "thirty-five, mebbe forty apiece." Everything was ready but the blueberries. The warm June sun ripened these fast and a scorching Fourth completed the good work. On the sixth of July Phoebe sent her first crates to town. They were accepted, a continuous supply ordered and top prices paid.

For the next week Phoebe lived in a world of blueberries. She, with Peter and Mrs. Ammidon, picked steadily at every possible moment. Phoebe wished to take advantage of every hour, for convalescent Jane and Lizbeth Ann would be arriving shortly and add to her housekeeping duties. But alas, the village boys, whose boasted forty quarts had dwindled to half that amount, came regularly for only three days, then late, then not at all. Mr. Ammidon reported one day in great wrath that the boys had been selling large quantities of blueberries in the village.

(Continued on page 38)



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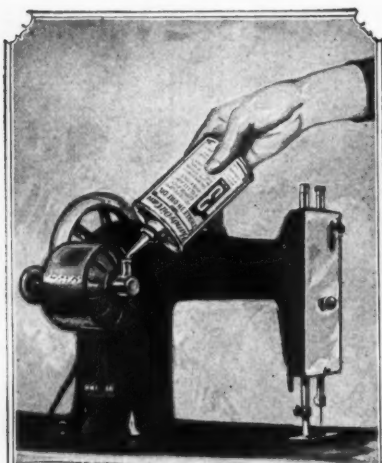
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## Old Man Jinx— and Phoebe

(Continued from page 37)

"Only 'tain't exactly stealing," Mr. Ammidon explained, "because blueberries ain't exactly regarded as private prop'ty round here. I certainly do expect you'll have lots of trouble with the folks hereabouts that's used to pickin' off that hill pasture."

Before long, Phoebe discovered that Mr. Ammidon had stated just the attitude of the community toward blueberries. Villagers made straight for the spot, remembering it of old. Phoebe put up "No Trespassing" signs, only to have them ignored by indignant natives, who said they always had picked for pies on "Jem Darlin's place and they always would."

From the "lakers," Phoebe had little more trouble after she posted a sign on her gate, "Blueberries for Sale." The word passed from one cottager to another that Miss Darling was selling blueberries for her college fund, and presently Mrs. Darling was delighted to be able to help by managing this part of the business from her porch.

"Still," said Phoebe to Mr. Ammidon, "they might as well have the berries if I can't get anyone to pick them."

"Why don't you come with my wife and me to the Grange meeting tonight?" the farmer suggested. "You can sorter explain what you're about and then folks won't think you're just scryny, the way they do now and you might pick up some help."

"I could hug Mr. Ammidon for suggesting the Grange meeting," reported Phoebe the next morning to her mother. "The very first thing, the Grange women began to discuss ways of raising a hundred dollars to meet their pledge to the library fund. I hadn't anything to figure on but the lining of my hat, but pretty soon I jumped up and asked them if they did not want to earn their hundred dollars picking blueberries. And before the meeting and I were through, those women had appointed a chairman of volunteers to pick at least four hundred and fifty quarts of berries for me a week. They like the idea, and I'm to pay them six cents a quart and guarantee them at least one hundred dollars."

"Gracious, Phoebe!" gasped her mother. "That's a lot of money. Suppose something happened!"

"Suppose something didn't!" retorted the imperturbable Phoebe. "Though," she added honestly, "I admit that's what Mr. Ammidon said, too."

Had Phoebe been a more experienced farmer, she would have realized that Mr. Ammidon's pessimism was based on knowledge.

The blueberry crop had many perils yet to face. There was an entire week of rain out of the precious few in the season. One of the most difficult things Phoebe had to contend with was the monotony of the work. Poor Peter came to heave a sigh every time he started out with a blueberry pail.

The Grange women proved a tremendous help to Phoebe. They came when they were supposed to come, and picked

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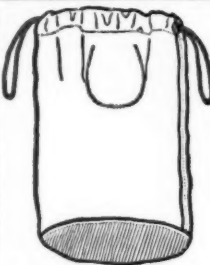
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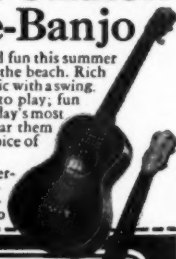
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without fail the quantity agreed upon. If one person fell down on her job, another quietly made up by extra exertion the amount agreed upon. As they picked, they asked Phoebe all sorts of questions about her college life, sometimes with a wistful gleam in their eyes for the thing they had missed as young girls.

As the days went on, the Grange fund grew. Early in August, it was between sixty and seventy dollars. But Phoebe's share, alas, was not growing as fast. The wholesale price of berries, which had started so happily at twenty-eight cents, dropped steadily, held for a time at twenty cents, then at fifteen, and presently slid to twelve. And each quart cost Phoebe exactly nine and one-half cents.

"Give it up," urged her mother.

"I can't," declared Phoebe, "not till the Grangers make their hundred dollars."

"But surely they wouldn't expect—"

"I promised." Presently Phoebe asked, "Just where do I stand now?"

"Somewhere between one hundred sixty and one hundred and seventy-five dollars," said Mrs. Darling.

"And it's the fourth of August today. How long before the Grangers creep up to one hundred dollars?"

"They make twenty-seven dollars a week if they pick their four hundred and fifty quarts at six cents a quart."

"Then two more weeks will see them well over their hundred dollars," Phoebe computed. "And my small profits on their work and my own will take me only round the two hundred dollar mark. Something has to be done."

"Oh no, Phoebe!" insisted her mother. "You've made a wonderful fight but nobody would have guessed that blueberries would go so low."

"And such good ones!" sighed Phoebe. She ran a tired hand through her hair, as she looked round her at the vast quantities of blueberries gathered that day, one hundred and twenty-five quarts in all. "They are some of the best of the season. I hate to see them go. Gorry, I have an idea!"

Though Phoebe's face was pale with weariness under her summer tan, her eyes glowed.

"What, Phoebe?" asked Mrs. Darling. "I'll can them!"

"My dear!" Not when you're so tired! Besides it would mean a huge outlay for sugar and containers. You might lose all you've made so far."

"I'll have to risk it," replied Phoebe firmly. "Two hundred dollars is as much use to me as nothing at all, when I need three hundred."

"Perhaps your father can squeeze out the money," suggested her mother wistfully. "No, that's impossible on top of trained nurses for the children and my hospital bills. Phoebe, I should never have let you start this wild scheme."

"It would have been a good scheme," declared Phoebe staunchly, "if the bottom had not dropped out of the market."

"The Jinx has been after us all summer," sighed Mrs. Darling.

"Well, we'll have him running now," smiled Phoebe. "I know the Grangers would be glad to help me can instead of pick. Mrs. Peterson at college buys things

(Continued on page 40)



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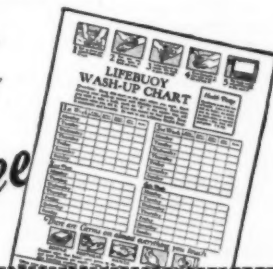
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## Old Man Jinx—and Phoebe

(Continued from page 39)

like canned goods for all the dormitories at once. I know her. I'll telegraph."

Promptly came back the answer to Phoebe's telegram. The college would take one hundred quarts in gallon containers. Phoebe spent a morning canvassing the lakers, with the result that they, dreaming of blueberry pies, puddings, and short cakes the next winter, ordered five and ten quarts apiece.

Ten days later, Phoebe announced gleefully that at the rate orders were coming in, she could complete her three hundred dollars providing the berries held out.

The Ammidon pasture was now nearly bare, but for some reason the hill pasture had been slower in ripening, and still contained much good picking. The fifteen Grangers had agreed to come all together and pick two days or three days, or until the pasture was stripped.

And then, on the evening before the pickers were to arrive, a careless motorist, picking berries along the side road bordering the hill, dropped a match, still burning, in the bushes. There had been no rain for three weeks. The trees and bushes covering the pasture were like tinder. At ten o'clock Mr. Darling saw a blaze and smelled smoke. Through the night they fought the fire, and at dawn they reported that the farmhouse was safe.

"But the blueberries," said Father, "are cooked!"

"I don't mind a bit," declared Phoebe stoutly. "I was getting where it made me ill to put on a blue dress."

At half past eight, Phoebe was drowsily preparing to pop into bed to make up a few hours of sleep, when a string of autos stopped in front of the farmhouse.

"Oh my goodness!" called Phoebe to her mother. "I entirely forgot to telephone the Grangers."

When Phoebe ran out and explained what had happened, the ladies said they had heard, but since they had had their lunch prepared, they decided to come out to the lake for a picnic, anyway.

"I'm thankful you people had finished your 'library fund' anyway," said Phoebe to the chairman, Mrs. Dodge.

"But what about you?" said Mrs.

Dodge. "Can't you go back to college?"

"I guess not, but I never felt in my bones I would. I knew all along it was crazy to try, but Mother felt so much worse about it than I did, I had to do something. But I can go back year after next anyway."

"But you won't be class president."

"Who told you about that?"

Oh, we do read the Boston papers even up here," smiled the lady.

A call for the chairman interrupted the conversation and the picnic party drove on. Phoebe went back to her nap, feeling forlorn and very weary.

At half past three in the afternoon, with cheerful honks the Grange cars passed by on their way home, one car, however, stopping at the gate. It held the chairman alone, who came up to the porch to Mrs. Darling and Phoebe.

"The Grange ladies have decided," Mrs. Dodge began without preamble, "to ask you to accept for your college fund the hundred dollars they have earned here this summer."

"But—but—" stammered Phoebe, "that's for your library books."

"Oh we'll get those this winter in the usual ways, sales and entertainments."

"You dears!" cried Phoebe. "When you've worked so hard! Should I take it mother?" But Mrs. Darling was finding it a little difficult to speak because of a lump in her throat.

"Won't you let us have that share in your good times?" asked the chairman with such sincerity that Phoebe knew she must not refuse.

Before Phoebe could half explain to Mrs. Dodge how much the gift was going to mean to her, that lady had started off in her car. That evening Phoebe faced her family at supper with an apology. "I've neglected you shamefully," she declared. "Now I'm going to make up for it. I'll cook anything anybody wants. Father, you first. What shall I make tomorrow?"

Mr. Darling hesitated. "Well, there is something I've been hankering for," he said, "but I've hated to ask you for it."

"But what is it?" demanded Phoebe.

"A blueberry pie!" admitted Father.

"I do believe," cried Phoebe, "I shall eat a piece myself!"

## Where Girl Scouts Pitch *their* Tents

(Continued from page 29)

gami, of Eveleth, Minnesota, we shouldn't be surprised if the making of bows and arrows became a favorite handicraft.

### A new prize contest

For Girl Scout campers

Of course you have a camp library! Here's a chance to tell all about it and possibly to win a prize as well.

The National Association of Book Publishers offers to the Girl Scout camper who submits the best essay on "What Our Camp Library Has Meant to Us," accompanied by a photograph of the library, a prize of twenty-five dollars. A second prize of ten dollars will go to the

writer of the second best essay. Only one entry from a camp will be allowed, so it would be a good idea to have a camp contest first and choose the best essay written in the whole camp to be submitted.

All essays must reach the office of the National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, New York, New York, by midnight of August thirty-first. Prize-winners will be announced in the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The judges will be Miss Jacqueline Overton, librarian, Miss Camille Davied, editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and Miss Marion Humble, executive secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers.

Can Girl Scouts enjoy camp life in summer in a hot and crowded city?—

## The Dryad and the Hired Boy

(Continued from page 12)

"In America, yes." They were, after all, rather ridiculous and she couldn't help mocking them a little, for she had met critical foreigners before. They stood back and let her pass on around to the front of the house.

A blue roadster was drawn up under the portico there, and Jinney recognized it as Laura Fremont's. So she was here calling on the new summer people. Well, of course, Laura never missed an opportunity to be sociable.

"Is Mr. Douglas in?" Jinney asked the liveried servant who opened the door.

"Mister? I think so. But I am not certain. Will you please step in?"

Jinney waited in a small alcove directly inside the big front door. It held two high backed chairs, facing each other, nothing else. Jinney sat down on one of them, the one from which she could watch the staircase up which the servant had gone in search of Mr. Douglas. Almost at once she saw a man coming down. But she kept her seat, although she realized that this was Mr. Douglas himself, for he was the man she had seen in Mrs. Ford's bakery this morning. He did look like a villain. She was so impressed by the strong return of her first thought concerning him that she did not move. Also, there was something distinctly peculiar in his whole manner as he came on down the staircase, something secretive and sly. And he did not see her. That was because the high back of the formal chair facing her in the alcove concealed her from the staircase. She was doing her own observing through the filigree work of that chair back.

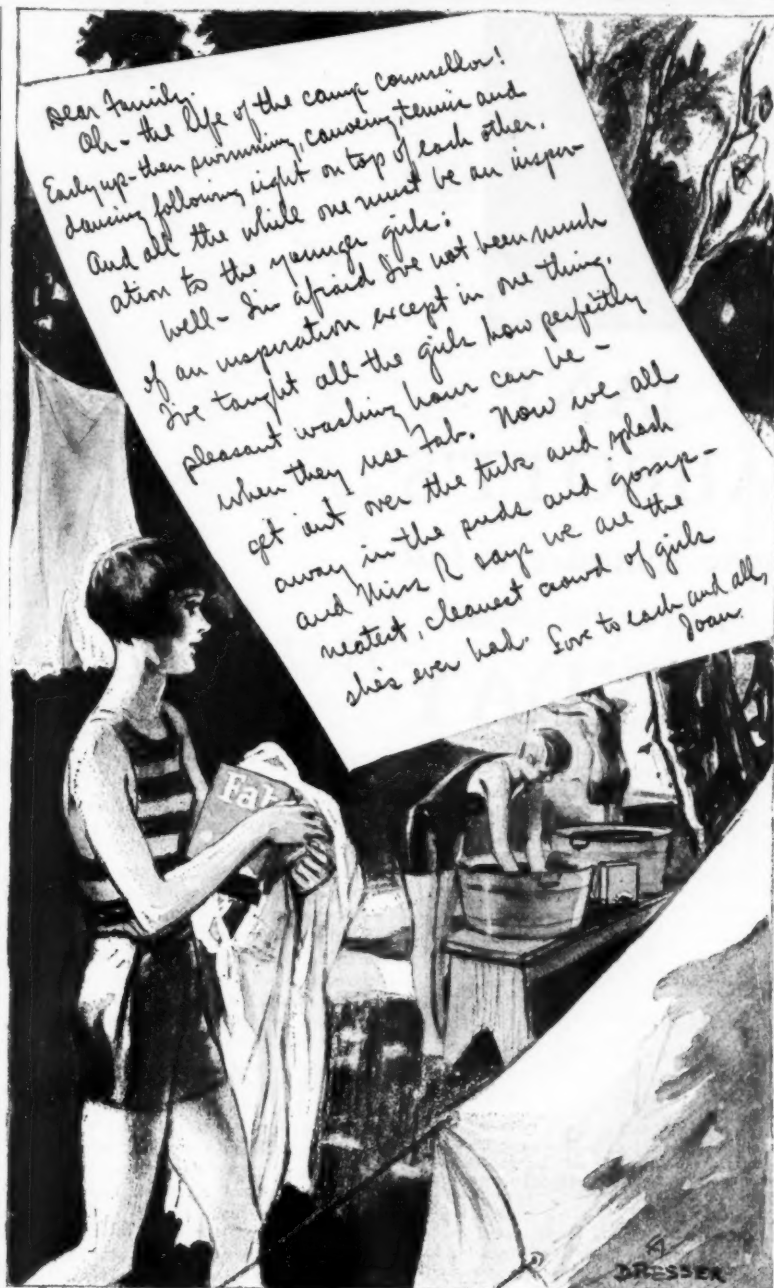
When Mr. Douglas got down into the hall, and Jinney was on the point of rising and going to meet him or calling attention to herself in some way, he did such an unexpected thing that she went on sitting still. He glanced sharply around the hall and, standing still at the bottom of the stairs an instant, took a small but wicked looking pistol from the pocket of his loose serge coat, looked at it thoughtfully, and put it back into his pocket again!

Jinney gasped. But he did not hear the gasp. With his hand in the pocket, probably clutching the pistol, Mr. Douglas turned away from the stairs toward a tapestried door. He opened this door and sauntered in. It was his own drawing-room Mr. Douglas had entered with a pistol so carefully held in his pocket. On a sofa, facing the door, dressed in white and with a long string of pearls around her neck, sat a lady, talking with Laura Fremont, who sat next to her. Or rather they had been talking when the door was flung open. Now they were looking at Mr. Douglas.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mr. Douglas was saying. "Otis told me some one had asked to see me."

The lady in white answered in a pretty voice. "How stupid of Otis, dear! We haven't seen a soul." And then she introduced Laura. "Miss Fremont, my hus-

(Continued on page 44)



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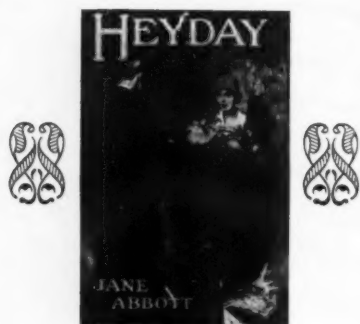
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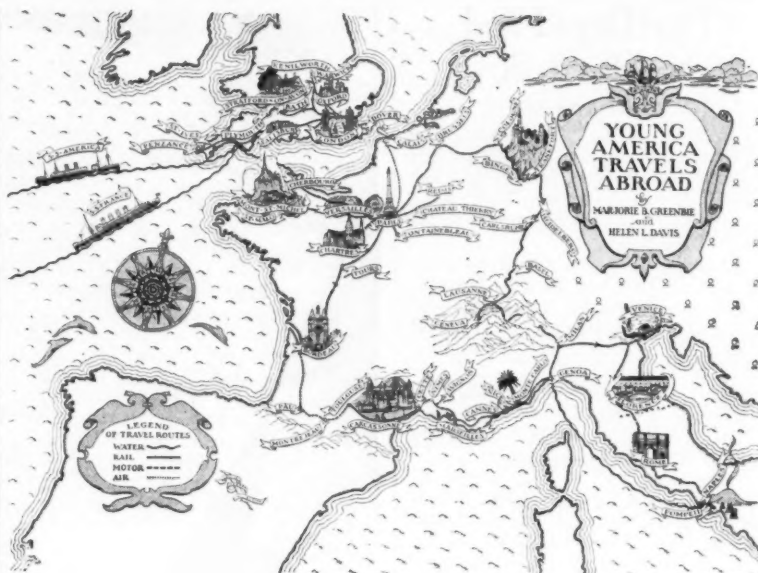
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## Books—Of Travel and Other Things

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

EVIDENTLY, parents and guardians have waked up to the fact that you don't have to be middle-aged, or even grown-up, to "get the good" of foreign travel. Indeed, I often wonder whether men and women who leave their children at home or in camp when they go to Europe, because "they would not appreciate it," themselves see or take in half as much as these bright eyes and keen ears could, were they given a chance. I'll admit it costs money to take a family abroad, but that is the only reason I can see why healthy children should not go. This idea seems to be growing among writers of books, and we have several new ones in which children of various ages make the journey and describe their experiences for the benefit of other young people.

The latest and so far the best of these is *Young America Travels Abroad*, by Marjorie Greenbie and Helen L. Davis (Stokes). The travel begins on the jacket, which appears at the top of this article. It is a map of the Old World, marking a route from Plymouth in England to Pompeii in Italy. One soon learns that the young Americans are a girl of fifteen and a boy of seventeen, whose uncle is not so much older that he cannot qualify as a young man but who has already traveled enough to make an excellent guide in foreign parts. The brother and sister are in boarding schools when the decision is made that they are to spend the summer in their first trip abroad, and the exciting details of getting ready fill the first chapter: I read this just as I was going through the same rush with passports and reservations, and though it was by no means for my first trip, I realized how much of the excitement of getting ready this year is because it

brings back the thrill of my first trip abroad, when I was not much older than these young travelers.

You may share with them their first ocean crossing with its sports and incidents, take a whirling visit to Paris and a tour through the battlefields, then go through southern France and in time to Switzerland, the Rhine country and on a trip through Italy. It is a lifelike account and will give you a good idea of just how such a trip is conducted, or may be conducted if you go in the open-hearted frame of mind of these young people—and if you don't, I advise you to stay at home. The background of history and literature is excellent. For though, when you do go abroad, you must not keep your eyes in a book but lift them up clear and bright to all the wonders of the Old World, still it will depend a great deal on how much these eyes of yours have been bent upon books beforehand as to what riches they will be able to discover when you go abroad. Read this pleasant book now, and when it mentions another book, try that too, and, when you go in person, see how much you will remember and how much it will add to your enjoyment.

*Camp Conqueror*, by Ethel Hume Bennett (Houghton), though a book of the camping season, will be just as good in the winter for bringing back happy days out-of-doors. Though I doubt if your camp this summer will afford you quite such excitement as this one, which is so far to the north that there are bears and other wilderness dangers such as have been kept at bay in the more settled parts of the camp country. The heroine is a girl you may have met before, *Judy of York Hill*, and this is her first summer spent in the open.

Curly again! She comes in a new Thomson Burtis airplane story next month

I can't tell you of a new story about a girl reporter, but there is one about a boy reporter, and if you have a longing to get into journalism this may please you as much as it might a boy. It is *Give a Boy Luck*, by Elwood F. Pierce (Duffield) and it certainly does need luck to get him through. I was a daily newspaper reporter once, when I was eighteen, and I was one until I was twenty, but I never had to herd up a flock of bank-robbers and murderers, like this cub reporter. Perhaps it was too proper a town, where I was brought up, to have bank-robbers, because so far as I know none of the boys on the staff met any in the line of their business, either. But it makes a most exciting yarn, and I can assure you that the spirit in which they go after the story and let nothing stop them from getting it, is that in which a reporter goes at his day's work. The author was one until he went to work at Hollywood.

You will find in *The Stump Farm*, by Hilda Rose (Little, Brown) a most unusual book, and though it is not intended for young people, I think the older girls will enjoy it. The author is now a middle-aged woman, but so slight and bright (she weighs eighty-six at most) that she looks much younger. When she went West to be cured of tuberculosis she married for love a man much older than herself, so that for a good while now he has been not so active around the farm, which was first a poor drought-ridden, storm-swept far western place where hardships were not so hard to bear as the complete lack of what we would call civilization or society. But this great-hearted pioneer-woman made her own society out of human odds and ends. The story, which is in actual letters, is not theatrical, nor anything you would call thrilling in the ordinary sense, but I thrilled at the conviction that here was the very spirit in which our Pilgrim Mothers faced the stern and rock-bound coast. It is a real American book.

We have comparatively few stories from the French in which the central figure is a young girl, and even fewer in which it is a country girl, so I tell you about a novel newly translated, Charles Silvestre's *Aimée Villard, Daughter of France* (Macmillan). Its pious and gentle spirit is not unlike that of *Maria Chapdelaine*, and in the character of Aimée herself you see one of these domestic heroines on which the stability of a country so largely depends. This is not a juvenile but young girls could enjoy it: it lately won a famous French literary prize for the best book of the year in France.

*Recreational Games and Programs* comes from the Playground Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, a fifty cent pamphlet with active games and relays, quiet games for regaining one's breath after Part I, and stunts, games and relays in which a few entertain the group with suggestions for a progressive game party. I never read a book like this but I growl because there were no such things in my school when I was fifteen or so. These directions are so clear that I see how to do all these exercises, but fancy my getting a chance to do them now!



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## The Dryad and the Hired Boy

(Continued from page 41)

band. Miss Fremont, dear, comes from one of those enchanting mansions called the 'shore cottages.' So good of her to call so soon—"

"Very charming—" Mr. Douglas began politely. But Jinney had advanced as far as the drawing-room door, and now she stood just at Mr. Douglas' shoulder, clearing her throat. She was embarrassed by Laura Fremont's presence at this interview. "I'm sorry," she said. "Excuse me, but I was the caller your servant said. I was in the alcove."

Mr. Douglas had wheeled about, Mrs. Douglas merely lifted her string of pearls in two long fingers and let them drop again. Laura stared.

But, wasn't Mrs. Douglas going to say anything, ask Jinney to come on in, or sit down? No, she had no such intention. They were waiting for Jinney to state her errand. Laura offered no help. So Jinney blurted out: "I came, I'm here—We thought—You see there's a dryad! Well, it's just this, Roseanna sent us to see if you'd lost a dryad? She doesn't know who she is or where she lives."

"Roseanna?" he asked. "Who is she?"

"She's my sister."

"Very well."

"We live near you, you see, your neighbors. If we can help you—if you were expecting a guest on the afternoon train—? You see we could meet them for you—!"

Mr. Douglas looked rather amused. "We're expecting no one," he told her. "Besides, we have four cars here at Tanglewood with us. But thank you."

"Well, we just wondered. You aren't expecting a girl who looks like a dryad?"

Mrs. Douglas and Laura both laughed, exchanging glances. It was those glances which put the finishing touch to Jinney's confusion. She backed away over the threshold into the hall. But she was not completely vanquished. Somewhere, from depths below her shyness, humor quivered to life. She looked Mr. Douglas in the eyes, ignoring the ladies, and said, "I hope you won't shoot me, anyway. I'm not armed myself."

Mr. Douglas started, anybody could see that, and a most annoyed look crossed his handsome face. Instinctively he withdrew his hand from the pocket which held the pistol.

"That's the youngest Field," Jinney heard Laura Fremont begin to explain in laughing tones as she turned away from the door and almost ran into a big, wild-looking German police-dog who had padded up unheard behind her.

"Here, Judex!" Mr. Douglas commanded the dog sharply, as though he were actually afraid for Jinney's safety. But Jinney herself did not start nor hesitate. She really did like dogs, and before she had time to think her hand had gone to this great dog's head, and their eyes had met. And when she passed him by he turned sedately round and followed her out to the big front door, his nose near the hand that had patted him.

Outside Jinney caught no glimpse of

A special "get-acquainted" offer is open to new subscribers this summer—



the three curious foreigners who had sprung at her from the summer house when she arrived; but she could not reason herself out of the conviction that from some hiding place they watched every step she took until she was hidden by the woods.

Jinney was pleasantly surprised by the cheerful atmosphere which, once back at home, she found in the kitchen at Lark's Nest. Roseanna was standing by the table beating up an omelette. Simon was doing Jinney's usual job of setting the supper table. Through the open door, she could see Pat—the burglar—coming from the barn with an armful of wood. Roseanna's golden hair was tucked behind her ears, and she was looking her most tranquil and efficient. Well, this was real life again. Jinney's self respect returned. Roseanna glanced up and asked, "Any news? Does the dryad belong at Tanglewood?"

Jinney shook her head. "I've made a dreadful fool of myself," she confessed. "But the Douglasses weren't expecting or missing the dryad. They've got a marvelous dog, though."

Pat came in and put the wood in the wood box. "I'll get out now," he said, "till you're through supper."

Roseanna spoke with gentle firmness. "No. You're to stay right here with us and have supper just as though nothing had happened. Afterward we'll have things out a bit. Now we're hungry. You can take the bread into the dining room. And Jinney," she went on, "you go upstairs to wash and rest. You look tired."

"Where's the dryad?" Jinney asked. "She's in my room, asleep. She went right off the instant she got into bed. You've only about ten minutes till supper, Jinney. So hurry."

That supper was bound to be something of a strain for everybody. Was Pat or was he not an honest boy? He looked honest enough sitting at the dining room table between Roseanna and Simon, eating with an appetite. He glanced up once and his eyes and Jinney's held each other's. That look said "We two must be friends, though the heavens fall."

So they talked about the party and the garden and the punctures of Pegaway's tire, and by a tacit consent they did not discuss the dryad before Pat.

The dishes were stacked in the sink and the dining room brushed up, all four helping, before Roseanna took on herself the unpleasant duty of inquiring into Pat's afternoon adventure. It was a little after eight of this June night and would be dark very soon. They were all sitting out on the back steps in the twilight.

"Look here, Pat," Roseanna said after a short silence during which they had all looked away up toward the woods and none of them at each other. "You aren't a real hired boy. Your hands aren't used to any sort of work, and your nails, well, I'm afraid they are better kept than Jinney's. From the first you were a mystery. But I trusted you. There was something awfully honest and nice about you. Whatever scrape you were in I wanted to help you out of it. So I gave you the job. But housebreaking! And a valuable locket! It's a little too much.

I'm afraid you must be quite frank with us now and explain."

"Well, it's this way," Pat replied. "You are right. I never worked at gardening and such things before. This is my first job. But I hope and pray it won't be my last. For the time has come when I have to support myself, and very soon somebody else. And I am not a thief. That locket belongs to me—at least in a way."

"But you did break and enter a house this afternoon. How about that?"

"Yes. But I didn't take a single thing away from that house. It was somebody I hoped to see there. That's all I can tell you."

"And you won't tell us any more than this, which is really nothing?" Roseanna asked, disappointed.

"I simply can't, not tonight. Won't you let things stay just as they are until I have done some thinking and planning? I give you my word of honor that if only you'll not ask me anything more now I'll stay right up there at the garage and not try to run away or anything. You can keep the locket for now. That will make you feel safer."

And that was how they left it.

"There isn't anything we can do until morning anyhow," Roseanna said when Pat had gone out, "and there's the dryad needing our more immediate attention."

At the mention of the dryad Simon was ready to forget Pat and his bothersome locket. "I've been sorting the dryad business out all this time," he volunteered earnestly. "Our next step, since Jinney's discovered that the Douglasses aren't in it, is to go over to the postoffice and ask them whether there's any excitement about a lost girl in the village. One look at her tells us she never did come from the village, of course, but we've got to try everything. They'll let us use long distance there, anyway, and we'll call up the *Dalton Republic*. That paper'll know if there's a disappearance in the state, answering our description. Certainly that's our next move."

Roseanna jumped up from her step. "We'll go in Pegaway," she said.

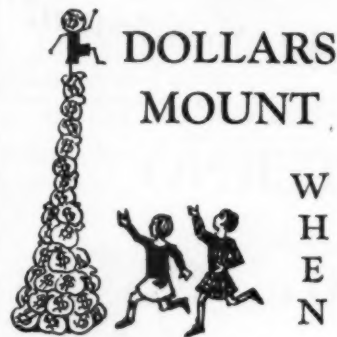
"Then I'll have to mend the tire. You've forgotten. Let's just walk. And Pat can mend the tire while we're gone."

So Jinney was left alone to mind the house and watch over the sleeping dryad. "We've got to trust Pat not to take this opportunity to run away or set the house on fire or anything," Simon declared rather seriously, when he came back from giving Pat his instructions in the garage. "You'll just have to keep your eyes wide open in every direction while we're gone, Jinney? You aren't afraid to be left alone with all these mysteries for an hour or so, are you?"

Jinney laughed, shaking her curls. Afraid to be left in their own snug Lark's Nest on a June evening with the doors and windows open to the friendly fields and the stars? What an idea!

But the sound of her sister's and brother's voices had scarcely died away beyond the lane when she changed her mind about that. She had reason to be very much afraid.

What frightens Jinney, alone in the house that night? Next month's installment will tell you.



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## Indian Tipis For Pale Faces

(Continued from page 25)

the tipi, make a small fireplace about eighteen inches in diameter slightly in front of the center of the tipi, place stones around the two sides and back of the fireplace, and you are all ready for your first fire. Careful observation will soon enable you to tell how the smoke flaps should be adjusted according to the direction of the wind. Eventually you should try to acquire such skill in selecting fuel and handling it that you will be able to keep up a smokeless fire.

You may find that the tipi cover would have fitted better if the tripod poles had been lashed a little more or less than fifteen feet from their butts. If so, you can very easily correct this the next time you put up the tipi.

If you wish to make a larger or smaller tipi, work it out after the same plan and in similar proportions.

On pages twenty-six and twenty-seven you will find pictures of tipis made or lived in by Girl Scouts and their leaders throughout the country. There is the small, eleven-foot tipi made by the Golden Eaglets of the Dixie region while they were camping in that fairyland of the South, the Dismals, in northwestern Alabama. Also the one made by the Scouts at the national Girl Scout camp, Camp Andrée, near Briarcliff Manor, New York, when they were preparing to give *The Black Goose Feather*.

Our own Tanager Lodge tipi has been widely used by Girl Scouts and Scout and Guide leaders everywhere. The picture where the sides are lifted to let the sunlight in was taken at Pine Tree Camp on the shore of Long Pond near the base of Cape Cod, and a number of Massachusetts leaders can be seen grouped in its lee. Another view records its first visit to Camp Edith Macy (it has since attended several training courses there!) when it was pitched in a little glade. The winter picture was snapped by a friend as I was making fast the lower corner of a smoke flap.

The tipi, pitched on rolling Indiana country, belongs to those authorities on Indian lore, Ralph Hubbard and Julian Salomon, who appear in costume together with some of their "Indians" from the Culver Woodcraft School. This tipi differs in two respects from all the others you have been looking at. It has an oval door hole, and the smoke flaps have little pockets instead of holes in the upper corners. The end of a smoke pole fits into the pocket of each flap. In the other tipis the smoke poles have cross pieces tied to them and slip through holes in the flaps.

If you wish further tipi descriptions, consult the Birch Bark Roll, the manual of the Woodcraft League (address Grand Central Terminal Building, New York, N. Y.) by Ernest Thompson Seton.

A complete and accurate description of how to make, decorate and set up tipis is contained in the *Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore* by Soaring Eagle (Julian Harris Salomon) to be published by Harpers in the late summer.

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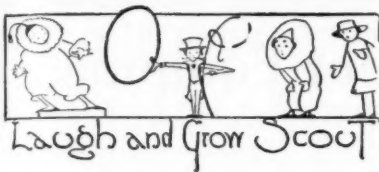
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### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month



#### Bird or Fish?

A gluttonous tenderfoot at a Girl Scout camp made it a point at meal time to eat a little of everything on the table. One day at dinner, having emptied her plate, she was asked what else she would like to eat. She was undecided and was looking over all the food on the table, when one of the girls said: "That's right, Lois, take a survey." And Lois replied: "Please, which is the survey?"—Sent by HELEN E. COBB, Pasadena, California.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

#### Why Not?

TENDERFOOT: Oh! the stove's smoking!  
SECOND CLASS: Well, it's old enough, isn't it?—Sent by DOROTHY WELDEN WESTBURY, Iowa Falls, Iowa.



#### While There's Life—

One member of a fishing party became very seasick.

"It's all right, old man," said another of the party, "you're not dead yet."

"True," moaned the sufferer, "but it's only the hope of dying that keeps me alive."—Sent by LOUISE J. HINMAN, Willis, Massachusetts.

#### He Had His Orders

SHE: Why, it's only six o'clock and I thought I told you to come after supper.

HE: (modestly) That's just what I came after.—Sent by MARGARET GRIFFITH FORD, Miami, Florida.

#### Dietary Experiment

WILLIE: Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would he get a big bass voice like a frog?

MOTHER: Good gracious, no! They'd kill him.

WILLIE: Well, they didn't!—Sent by PHYLLIS EVERETT, Portland, Maine.



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# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

## EFFECTIVE FOR THE CURRENT MONTH

Uniforms			Price			Price		
Girl Scout Dress, green...	Size 8-12	Price \$4.25	Girl Scout Songs			Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides		
Hat, Girl Scout...	14-42	4.75	Vocal Booklet...	\$1.10		Tenderfoot...	\$3.03	
Skirt...	10-42	2.75	Piano Edition...	.30		First Class and Rammer...	.05	
Bloomers...	10-44	2.75	Girl Scout Song Sheet...	.04		Second Class and Observer...	.10	
Knee Band Bloomers...	10-44	3.00	Lots of 10 or more...	.03		Per Set of 3...	.15	
Middy (Official)...	10-42	1.75	Goodnight...	.15		Nature Projects—		
Web Belt...	28-38	.65	On the Trail...	.30		Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover...	1.50	
Girl Scout Top Coat...	40-46	.75	Piano Edition...	.40		Projects, each...	.40	
Officer's Dress...	14-42	18.00	Midsize...	.05		Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each...	.10	
Wool...	32-42	25.00	Onward...	.15		Audubon Bird Plates (set of 50)...	1.00	
Cotton...	32-42	10.00	To America...	.25		Star Project...	.20	
Hat, Officer's, with insignia						Camp Andrée Logge...	.75	
1 1/2 wt. felt...	6-8	3.00	<b>Flags</b>			<b>Miscellaneous</b>		
High grade felt...	6-8	4.75	<b>American Flags</b>			Axe, with sheath...	Price \$1.85	
Leather, with hooks...	28-38	1.75	2x3 ft. Wool...	2.35		Belt Hooks, extra...	.05	
Suede, dress...	40-46	1.50	3x5 ft. Wool...	3.50		Blankets—3 1/4-pound camel's hair	5.50	
Officer's Top Coat...	32-42	25.00	4x6 ft. Wool...	4.60		O, D—3 1/4-pound all wool, size 60x80...	4.75	
Officer's Cape...	32-42	20.00	2 x 3 ft. Wool...	\$2.60 10c per letter		† Brownie material—2 1/2" wide, per yd...	.25	
Neckerchiefs, Cotton, each			2 1/2 x 4 ft. Wool...	4.20 15c "		Bugle...	5.00	
Neckerchiefs, silk, each			3 x 5 ft. Wool...	5.75 20c "		Braid—1/4-inch wide yard...	.10	
Black and green			4 x 6 ft. Wool...	8.50 20c "		† Buttons—Per Set, Officer's...	.40	
Bandeaux (to match neckerchiefs), each...		.15	NOTE: Two weeks required to letter troop flags and pennants.			Camp Toilet Kit...	2.35	
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow			† Troop Pennants			Camcans, Aluminum...	2.75	
Yellow Slickers...	10	\$1.75	Lettered with any Troop No. ....	\$1.50		Compass, Plain...	1.00	
	12	4.00	<b>Signal Flags</b>			Radioite Link...	1.00	
	14-20	5.00	Flag Set complete...	.75		Cuts Running Girl...	1.50	
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather			Includes:			Trefoil...	.75	
Coat Model...	32-40	8.00	1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed 6-ft. Staff			First Aid Kit with Pouch...	.80	
Slipover Model...	32-40	7.00	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy Web Carrying Case			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra...	.50	
<b>Badges</b>			1 pr. of Semaphore Flags including Sticks and Carrying Case...	.50		First Aid Kit, No. 1...	2.90	
† Attendance Stars			1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with Jointed Flagstaff or Carrying Case...	.25		Flashlights, Small size...	1.50	
Gold...		.10	<b>Stamps</b>			Large size...	1.70	
Silver...		.10	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral	6.75		† Girl Scout Cloth—10" wide, per yd...	.75	
† First Class Badge...		.15	G. S. Emblem...	5.00		Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:		
† Flower Crests...		.15	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle...	3.50		Linens...	.35	
† Life Saving Crosses		1.75	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear...	3.70		Box of three...	1.00	
Silver...		1.50	Eagle Emblem—separate...	2.00		Cotton...	.20	
Bronze...		.15	G. S. Emblem—separate...	2.00		Box of six...	1.00	
† Proficiency Badges...		.15	Flag Carrier...	2.60		Haversacks, No. 1...	3.00	
† Second Class Badge...		.15	<b>Literature</b>			Knives, No. 1...	1.00	
† Thanks Badge			Brown Book for Brown Owls...	.50		No. 2...	1.00	
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† Armband...		.10	Camp and Field Notebook Cover...	.50		Girl Scout Dress, 10-42...	.25	
† Corporal's Chevron...		.10	Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year...	.35		Brownie, 8-12...	.30	
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron...		.20	Community Service Book...	1.00		Officer's Dress...	.25	
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)...		.50	First Aid Book—New Edition...	.60		Paper Weight, Bronze or Black...	.50	
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts...		.15	Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith)...	2.00		Girl Scout Feeding Rabbit...	.50	
† Patrol Leader's Chevron...		.15	Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris)...	2.00		Poncho (45x72)...	3.50	
<b>Pins</b>			Girl Guide Book of Games...	.50		Poncho (60x82)...	4.75	
† Brownie...		.15	Girl Scout Game Book...	.35		Purse...		
† Committee...		.75	Girl Scout Handfacts...	2.35		To slip on belt...	.30	
† Community Service...		.35	Girl Scout Short Stories (Series 1)...	2.00		Rings, Silver, 3 to 9...	3.00	
† Golden Eaglet...		1.50	Girl Scout Short Stories (Series 2)...	2.00		10K Gold, 3 to 9...	3.00	
† Lapels—G. S., Bronze...		.50	Girl Scout Short Stories...	2.00		Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in...	.15	
† Girl Scout Pin...		3.00	Health Record Books, each...	.10		Lots of 5 or more, each...	.10	
10K Gold (safety catch)...		.75	Per dozen...	1.00		Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt...	.50	
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2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
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Dept. 31 Springfield, Mass.

## When Stamps are Your Hobby

BY OSBORNE B. BOND



It is reported that the Falkland Islands will issue a new set of postage stamps towards the end of the current year to be placed on sale for a period of one year and used concurrently with the set now circulating. Our readers have probably seen at least one value of the current set—the one penny value is illustrated above—and know that these stamps are very beautiful and quite hard to obtain.

On May twenty-sixth a new United States postage stamp of two cent denomination was issued to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Washington's campaign at Valley Forge. The new stamp is the same shape and size as the current stamps and is printed in red ink.

This stamp will be on sale as long as the supply lasts. If you are unable to get it at your own post office, send two cents to the editor of this stamp column, with a stamped addressed envelope for return, and he will be glad to send you an unused copy.

On May first the Post Office Department inaugurated the air mail service between New York and New Orleans via Atlanta, Georgia. The planes fly in both directions every day, leaving New York in the evening and arriving at the southern terminal next morning. On the initial flight on May first the post offices at all points on the route used a very attractive cancellation stamp to show that the mail was carried in the first flight.

The air mail route between Buffalo and Albany went into operation on June first. This is really the eastern portion of the route between Albany and Cleveland but as the part between Buffalo and Cleveland began operating last December only the post offices east of Buffalo used special cancellation stamps.

On June third Toledo became a point of exchange on the transcontinental air mail route. The Post Office Department did not announce this until May twenty-sixth, just eight days before the service went into effect. Because of this short notice there was not as much mail carried as might have been and so covers which were carried in the first flight will prove to be a little more valuable than some of the other routes.

If you are interested in trying to build an air mail cover collection ask the editor to send you a flown air mail cover, which he will do without charge if you will send a stamped addressed envelope for it.

**Important:** A new air mail stamp of five-cent denomination is to be issued on August first. Would you like to secure a cover, postmarked on the day of issue and sent to you by air mail? Write to the stamp editor for details.

## THE PACKET OF CURIOUS STAMPS

Africa (springbok), Esthonia (phantom ship), Greece (dying soldier), Jugoslavia (nude slave), Kenya (Uganda), Quilman, Sama, Fets, Turkey (wolf); lion and tiger stamps, airmail, postage due, commemorative, statutory, map, special delivery, money stamps, and many other curious ones. Also set of six freakish Azerbaidjan "twiddle stamps." ALL FOR 5c. Approvals and big price-list with each order.  
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Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are Belgium (Gates with phantoms); Ecuador (chariot and dying horse); Chile (bottle scene); Egypt (pyramids and pyramids); Japan (steaming train); Newfoundland (wild capes); Malay (freakish lion); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (dying Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent.

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**Subscribers! When you go away, send "The American Girl" your new address**

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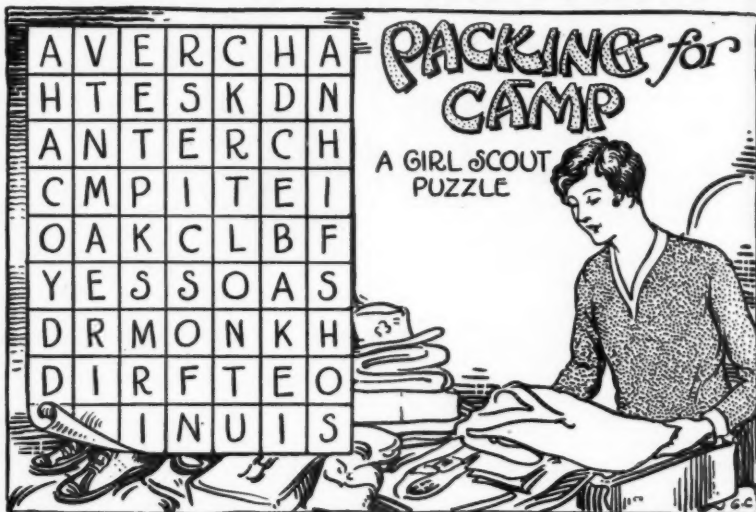
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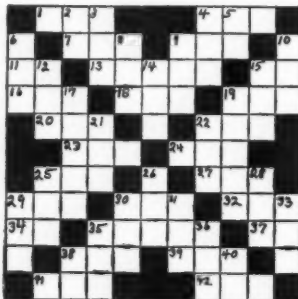
## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### Packing for Camp

Now comes the big thrill in the Girl Scout's life when the happy days of camping are near. Our friend in the picture is in the midst of her happy task of packing for camp. Some of the things she is taking with her are indicated by the letters in the puzzle diagram. Our problem is to move from one square to any adjoining one, as the king moves in chess, and spell out the names of at least seventeen things in this Girl Scout's outfit.

### A Cross Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**  
 1. Aspect  
 4. Gleam  
 7. A boy's name  
 9. To weep  
 11. Suffix meaning "one who"  
 13. One twelfth of the diameter of the sun or moon  
 15. A woodcutter's tool  
 16. A short slumber  
 18. Source of light and heat  
 19. A small poisonous snake  
 20. An instrument used for writing  
 22. Advertisements  
 23. Help  
 24. Past Grand Master (abbr.)  
 25. To perform on the stage  
 27. An inflammable liquid  
 29. Before  
 30. A conjunction  
 32. A beverage  
 34. Southeast (abbr.)  
 35. Fear  
 37. Elevated (abbr.)  
 38. A boy's name  
 41. A month  
 42. A wild beast's home

- VERTICAL**  
 2. A preposition  
 3. A color  
 4. To decay  
 5. From (Latin)  
 6. One more than nine  
 8. A prefix meaning "away"  
 9. A wilful breaking of the law  
 10. A fast train (abbr.)  
 12. Knock  
 14. A weapon  
 15. A donkey  
 17. State of rest and calm  
 19. To permit to enter  
 21. The egg of any small insect  
 22. Past  
 25. Part of verb "to be"  
 26. The first number  
 28. A Southern general in the Civil War  
 29. Is (French)  
 30. A curved line  
 31. To touch lightly  
 33. Whole quantity of  
 35. A period of twenty-four hours  
 36. Father  
 38. Mother  
 40. A prefix meaning "down" or "away"

By MINNIE WEINER, New York, N. Y.

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change POND to LAKE in five moves.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. A long legged bird
2. A black bird
3. To turn aside
4. A fiber in the body
5. To go into

### Curtailed Word

From a word meaning a dull monotonous tone take away a letter and leave a word meaning accomplished. Take away another letter and leave a Spanish title, one more letter taken away leaves a preposition, while the last remaining letter is an exclamation.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters will spell the name of a purple flower.

Ore. Are. Deal. Ire. Ale. And. Spy.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

**IN THE SCHOOL ROOM:** The teacher's spectacles have no bridge. Collar on her dress has one round and one square corner. Book title on back of cover instead of front. "History" spelled wrong. Button on desk-bell off center. Raised hand on girl has one finger missing. She should also raise right instead of left hand. Pupil in foreground has no eyebrow. Map hangs on incomplete string. Oceans on map on wrong sides. Equator line too high. Question on blackboard answers itself. Geography statement wrong. Addition wrong.

### PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

CHIRP  
 HUMOR  
 IMAGE  
 ROGUE  
 PREEN

**WORD JUMPING:** Silk, milk, mile, male, sale, sage, rage, rags.

**CHARADE:** Jupiter

**AN ENIGMA:** Do a good turn daily.

**ADD A LETTER:** The six added letters spell GARNET.

**AN ACROSTIC:** Aloe, need, noon, aqua. ANNA. EDNA.

**HIDDEN LAKES:** George. Champlain. Huron. Erie. Ontario.

Did you like the swimming stunts in this issue? More are coming in August



*When you play Tennis  
dress for it*

WHITE is the traditional costume for tennis. And nothing is more appropriate on the courts than a crisp, white MAN O'WAR Middy. It looks well, fits well and gives you the necessary freedom of movement. The sides won't hitch up when you serve a "fast one", because the cleverly sloped sides make the MAN O'WAR Middy fit.



## **The MAN O'WAR MIDDY has made good with**

**D**ID you know that almost half of the Girl Scouts wear MAN O'WAR white Middies?—47% to be correct. 62 out of every 100 Girl Scouts vote the MAN O'WAR Middy their favorite. These facts were established by a questionnaire recently sent by the American Girl Magazine to hundreds of Girl Scouts all over the country.

There must be good reasons for such wide-spread popularity. If you are one of the many who are now wearing the MAN O'WAR Middy, you know the reasons. You know that the MAN O'WAR is a real thoroughbred middy that fits becomingly and looks like a custom tailored garment. The sloped sides make it fit. Fine tailoring and double stitching throughout give this smart middy

the distinction that always marks fine quality.

The MAN O'WAR Middy worn by the tennis player in the picture is our A-11 model. It is made of beautiful snow-white, Super Jean that launders like a fine handkerchief—crisp and clean. The MAN O'WAR Togs are identified by the MAN O'WAR trade mark. They are sold by good stores all over the country. There are bloomers, knickers, blouses—in fact everything for camp, school and gym. If you do not know where MAN O'WAR togs are sold locally, please use the coupon and we will send you the address and an interesting style booklet.



The MAN O'WAR Middy can be purchased at the Girl Scout National Equipment Headquarters, New York.

BRANIGAN, GREEN & Co.

1270 Broadway, New York

Please send me your booklet of camp, school and gym togs and the address of a store which sells them.

Name .....

Address .....

Favorite Store .....

A.G. 7



## But Isn't It *your* House, too?

**W**HEN you throw your wraps down in a heap, when you strew books and magazines all about, when you drop things on the floor and don't pick them up, you are saying rather plainly, "This isn't my house." Because no one to whom a house belongs wants it to be other than orderly.

But isn't it your house, too? You share all the comforts it offers. You can't very well escape some of the responsibility.

After all, is it such a task to hang up your things, to put a book on the table, to drop things into a waste basket?

Couldn't you even go farther—not only prevent disorder, but create order? It wouldn't take you many minutes in the morning to straighten the chairs around, to

set the books and magazines in order on the table, to run a Hoover over the rug.

You would begin to know what every girl who hopes to have a home of her own should know—the job of making a home really livable. And, in your use of The Hoover, you would find out something else very important—that household duties should be, and can be, not only thoroughly done but easily done—that "Positive Agitation," by removing more *dirt per minute* makes every bit of rug cleaning easier, faster and better.

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Reg. Trade Mark

*It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners  
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

